

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 851.—22 September, 1860.

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ODE TO GARIBALDI.

WHENCE comes that mighty sound,
Awakening underground
The buried victims of oppression's rod;
And rising to the sky,
Swells in rich harmony
With the bright choir that fronts the throne of
God;

Till heaven gives back to earth again,
In fuller tones, the animating strain?

Louder and louder still,
From valley and from hill,
Rings the glad shout, delighting nature's ear;
For long, with bitter smart,
The mother's tender heart
Had bled with anguish for her children dear,
Who, crushed and helpless in their living tomb,
Struggle for second birth within her laboring
womb.

Again, and still again,
O'er the exulting main,
Meeting the half-stifled cry of misery
From tyranny's dark cells,
The sacred anthem swells,
To that wild summons making glad reply—
"We come, the sons of Freedom come to save,
To bind the tyrant, and let loose the slave!"

Upon his throne a thing,
Misnamed by men a King,
Heard the lamentings with inhuman glee;
While round about him stood,
Disguised in stole and hood,
Monsters in human shape more vile than he,
A hellish crew in sacred vesture drest,
The vermin of the State, the Church's pest.

But when sweet Freedom's song
Burst on the godless throng,
Their fiendish joy was turned to coward hate;
And like untempered clay,
Crumbled in swift decay
The shatter'd fragments of their rotten state;
As when of old the city's bulwarks fell,
At the loud shout of God-led Israel.

Now swiftly o'er the sea
The sons of liberty—
A chosen band on Heaven's own errand sent—
Steer for that lovely strand
That girds the fettered land,
In their great cause and leader confident;
For Garibaldi led them to the fight,
The generous champion of the people's right.

As when the morning light
Scares the foul things of night
Back to their native homes and kindred gloom;
So from the patriot's eye
The tyrant's minions fly,
Like guilty spirits at the crack of doom!
While banished hope returns with joyous mien,
And smiling Nature lightens all the scene.

O Freedom's truest son!
Bravely thy work was done!
And every heart that melts for human woe

Shall bless thy gallant name,
And glory in thy fame,
More glorious than kings and emperors know.
Thy noble deeds shall time and change defy,
When thrones and crowns in dark oblivion lie!
—*National Magazine.*

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

THE blue of the forget-me-not
Is blossoming in the sky,
The gentian-flower's most inner heart
Hath not so deep a dye;
'Tis purest sapphire liquefied,
That glows in glory and in pride.

The young leaves on the elder rods
Shine with a thin soft gold;
The cock, the farmyard sultan,
Struts in the sunshine bold,
Transparent crimson all his crest,
Red brazen plumes upon his breast.

A sabbath stillness fills the air:
The very larks aloft,
Scaling the white rose-puffs of cloud,
Are singing hushed and soft;
With pious meditation, feed
The tranquil cows in the green mead.
Patient and blind, with Samson strength,
The village church doth stand,
The hearse-plume yew its only kith
In all this English land,
The warder for long centuries
Of these poor country crofts and leas.

The rainbow glass has gone to dust,
The dial's lightning-rent,
The weathercock upon the roof
Is crazed and tempest-bent;
The weather-beaten tower stands there,
Rapt in its long unceasing prayer.

A curious latticing of shade
Under the windows falls
A flickering of the yew-tree's gloom
Wavering on mouldy walls.
You hear the blackbirds in the calm,
Between the pauses of the psalm.

The sunshine on the battered tombs
Sheds benedictions—smiles,
That passing, bless the children there
Sitting along the aisles;
While swallows underneath the eaves
Chatter about the coming leaves.

The vicar for a moment stops—
The thrushes in the laurels
Break in upon the half-read hymn
With snatches of their carols;
The sparrow on the window-sill
Chirps with much love, but little skill.

On Sundays, how brave faces crowd
As the old bell tolls in!
Glossy their hair, happy their eyes,
Rich crimson brown their skin—
Pulling their forelocks down, they go,
What time the organ 'gins to blow.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

W. T.

From Fraser's Magazine.
ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.
IN MEMORIAM.

LIFE in this sublunary world derives its chief value from its use alone; and contemplated in this aspect of the great English moralist, there are few men in any country whose career was more precious, and whose existence was more valuable, in a public sense, than that of Alexis de Tocqueville, who expired on the 16th of April last, at Hyères, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He had been for a considerable while suffering from the progress of an insidious disease, but it was only within the last five or six months that his friends unwillingly and mournfully renounced all hope of his ultimate recovery.

M. de Tocqueville was the son of the Baron de Tocqueville, a member of the Council General of the Oise, and President of the Agricultural Society of Compiègne. His father, a man of literary tastes, had distinguished himself as a statistician, economist, and administrator during the Empire and the Restoration, and had published at Compiègne more than one work connected with the moral and social economy of the Department of the Oise, in which he resided. In the earlier days of the Empire, amidst the triumphs of Marengo and the coronation of Milan, young Alexis was born, and ere he could lisp the words *Papa or Maman*, the battle of Austerlitz was gained, and the Austrians and Russians pursued, *l'épée dans les reins*, by the victorious French. For a period of full seven years the astonishing military successes of the Emperor of the French continued, and when young de Tocqueville had reached the age of reason, though the military prospects of his country were not so bright as in 1805 (the year of his birth), yet, still his country showed a bold front against coalesced Europe. In those days every young man in France was a soldier. No sooner did the boy of seven or eight escape from the hands of his *bonne*, than he was clad in the uniform of some military school or college, and drilled and disciplined as though the main, the only business of life were to fight battles and maintain sieges. Seven or eight years of this hard and merciless system had, with all its compensations of glory, somewhat dissatisfied France; and when the Russian campaign was fairly entered on in 1812, fathers of families became more and more desponding, and less hopeful of the result. France had then to maintain an aggressive war not only in Russia and Germany, but in Spain and Portugal, at a season, too, when the national instincts of all these hostile nations seemed roused to frenzy against the aggressor. The evil days at length came, in 1814 and 1815,

when the tide of invasion was to be turned back on France herself—when she was to find picquets of Cossacks encamped in the Champs Elysées and strange uniforms glittering in the streets of Paris.

Alexis de Tocqueville was old enough to remember these events, which produced a deep impression on his young mind. His first serious studies were made under the government of Louis XVIII., a restored king, himself a man of letters and a philosopher, and a liberal also, in a certain sense. A member of a family who had served the Bourbons, the father of young De Tocqueville witnessed the extinction of the Empire without any very poignant regrets. Like all intelligent and moderate men in France, the Baron de Tocqueville had seen the resources and wealth of France wasted in a fruitless attempt at universal dominion, and he was rejoiced to find that, at length, there was the hope of his countrymen enjoying a moderate and well-balanced representative government. With the return of peace, liberal and serious studies were resumed by the youth of France. Classical, historical, and economical prelections resumed their place in the general system of a liberal education, and were conjointly cultivated with the exact sciences, the objects of a too exclusive devotion during the time of the first Napoleon. Under this better and more civil system, Alexis de Tocqueville was brought up. He was instructed in the literature of Greece and Rome, as well as in that of England; and history and political economy occupied a large share of his attention. In almost all the eighty-six departments of France there are a number of places connected with the magistracy which enjoy a high consideration. In the ancient monarchy of France, as well as under the restored Bourbons, the magistrature served to temper the severity of absolute power, and by its calmness and dignity formed a species of bulwark between the crown and the people. The names of L'Hospital, of Molé, of Harlay, of D'Aguessau, of Seguier, and Malesherbes (from whom, on the mother's side, De Tocqueville descended) are associated with this order, and linked with memories most honorable to France. The family of De Tocqueville had, in past times, illustrated the gown, and under these circumstances it was not astonishing that the father of Alexis de Tocqueville should educate him for the law. He received all the varied instruction which could be supplied by the best professors, and was admitted a member of the French bar in 1825. In the following year of 1826 he was named *Juge d'Instruction* at Versailles. The functions of the *Juge d'Instruction* in France relate principally to crimes and punishments, to the col-

lection and marshalling of proofs and evidence, and the arrest of those charged with illegal acts. For three years young De Tocqueville filled this onerous and unpleasant office, and in the year 1830 he was named *Juge Suppléant*, a position which he occupied for more than a year. While filling these employments, the attention of M. de Tocqueville was considerably directed to the Penitentiary system. The Revolution of 1830 had now placed on the throne of France the head of the younger Bourbons, in the person of the Duke of Orleans, since Louis Philippe I. A more liberal system of government than prevailed in the reign of Charles X. was speedily inaugurated, and some of the most eminent and enlightened men in France became ministers of the new dynasty. The intelligence and intellect of the younger members of the French bar were speedily attracted to the new government. Some of De Tocqueville's friends, such as De Broglie, Guizot, and Dupin, had accepted office, and these names, combined with those of Laffitte, Perier, and Baron Louis, conciliated, and, in a great degree, satisfied public opinion. Moderate and reasonable men saw that there was a hope of improvements, moral and political, and that the reign of brute force and military tyranny was at end. The king and his ministers were desirous, as far as in them lay, to ameliorate the condition of the people, and, above all, of the lower classes. With this view, Alexis de Tocqueville, conjointly with Gustave de Beaumont, was despatched on a mission to America. He and his colleague were directed by the Ministry to inquire into the penitentiary system in the United States, with a view to its ultimate introduction into France. M. de Tocqueville remained a couple of years in America, visiting the different States, and assiduously inquiring into the institutions of the country. In the United States he laid the foundation of some valuable friendships. Circumstances brought the young Frenchman much into contact with Mr. Edward Livingstone, then Secretary of State, and subsequently American Minister at Paris. Mr. Livingstone had greatly distinguished himself as an advocate, and had been appointed Attorney-General of the State of New York so early as 1802. But his chief and brightest title to distinction was the having prepared the penal code of Louisiana, founded chiefly on the English and French laws. This code, at once simple and apparently humane, abolished capital punishment, for which the penitentiary system was substituted. At the first blush De Tocqueville was charmed with a code which harmonized with his philanthropic views—a code already partially adopted by the Brazils, and wholly by the Republic of Guatemala.

But there is reason to suppose that time and experience somewhat modified his views, and caused him to look on the system with less admiration. To the last, however, he retained the highest opinion of Livingstone's merits as a great jurist, a walk in which he considered him second to none.

In 1833, De Tocqueville returned to Europe, and presented with his colleague their joint report on the penitentiary system. At the close of the following year the first edition of his most valuable and profound work, *De la Démocratie en Amérique* was given to the world. Not merely his own countrymen, but England and the civilized world, were satisfied with the depth and originality of this masterly production. The style was clear, the reasoning cogent, the illustrations striking; but chiefly remarkable was its spirit of sagacity and forecast, indicating profound thought and deep reflection. So popular and readable was a work many of whose disquisitions would, from the nature of the subject, be considered dry, that at the beginning of 1836 the volumes had already gone through five editions, and a sixth was preparing for the press. Without doubt *De la Démocratie en Amérique* is the best and profoundest work that has appeared on America. The ideas are just, and well expressed, the speculations are equally bold and sagacious, and the insight into the character of the people and the institutions of the country almost marvellous. The volumes of which we speak have been compared to the *Esprit des Loix* of Montesquieu, a work which cost its author twenty years of labor and reflection. This is the highest compliment which could be conferred on M. de Tocqueville.

The literary societies of France were not slow to acknowledge the merits of so remarkable a production. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences elected De Tocqueville in 1837 as member, in place of the learned metaphysician and philosopher, La Romiguère, whom he resembled in the clearness, correctness, and elegance of his style, as well as in the purity and independence of his character, moral and political. Nor was this the only public recognition of his merits. In 1839 the town of Valogues, in the department of La Manche, sent this distinguished writer to the Chamber as its representative at a moment when the Eastern question became so menacing for Europe. M. de Tocqueville made his maiden speech in the Chamber on this question, and gave his vote for the credit destined to extend the French naval force in the Mediterranean. In respect to style and form the discourse was faultless. Patriotic in its sentiments and profound in some of its views, it was marred by a delivery too cold and calm to suit the popular taste. Graces of elocution

and utterance were also wanting. Of a languid and phlegmatic temperament, M. de Tocqueville wanted the *verve* and also the volume and silvery sweetness of voice necessary for a tribune of the people. Byron truly says in *Don Juan*,

"The devil hath not in all his quivers choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice;"

and the names of Berryer and Mauguin, of O'Connell and the late Sir William Follett, may be cited in confirmation of the truth of the remark. Graciousness, suavity, penetrativeness, subtlety, neatness, precision, and profundity, were the characteristics of M. de Tocqueville's style, and these finer qualities were not relished by the host of hearers in the ex-Chamber of Deputies any more than they would be relished in our own reformed House of Commons. It may not be out of place here to state that the French Cabinet did not, in 1839-40, act a straightforward part in this Eastern question. In seeking a European co-operation on the Turkish question against Russia, it flattered itself with the ultimate hope of finding a lever in London against a Russian occupation of Constantinople, and a lever at St. Petersburg against an English occupation of Alexandria. The super-refined cunning of Louis Philippe defeated his object, and laid his Cabinet open to the imputation of double dealing.

During the course of this session M. de Tocqueville presented a report on the subject of slavery in the colonies. This subject he had studied probably more profoundly than any other man in France. In the session of 1841 he spoke more than once or twice on the Eastern question, always putting forth ingenious views. He also addressed the Chamber on the question of deputies being at the same time public functionaries, and on the prison question. In the session of 1842 he made an able speech on the "*droit de visite*," examining the question as an international lawyer and jurist. He also spoke on the Regency, and took the popular side on the questions of secret service money and the *Police de roulage*. In the three or four subsequent sessions he chiefly addressed himself to the great topics of prison discipline and popular education. As a popular educator his theories were large, liberal, and eminently catholic, untintured with those sectarian and ultramontane views which deformed the educational projects of more eloquent deputies.

The senatorial efforts of De Tocqueville in the five years between 1843 and 1848 were eminently distinguished by largeness of view and the sagacity and forecast which distinguished the statesman from the mere politician. There was nothing *ad captandum* in his manner, — nothing said with a view to

flatter the prince or to delude the people. On the contrary all was simple and straightforward, almost stern indeed, so wholly was the honest publicist "*sans fard*." But in hearing the accents of that somewhat feeble and passionless voice you felt convinced you were listening to an honorable and honest man, — a man of probity and patriotism, who had no private interests to serve. One could have wished his public manner had been a little more popular, and somewhat less didactic. But it is not for the sage and the philosopher to assume the disguises and to put on the wardrobe of smiles with which jury advocates and unprincipled demagogues gull and cajole their complaisant dupes.

In 1842 M. de Tocqueville succeeded the Count de Cessac, — one of the most honorable and scientific soldiers of France, to whom the success of Valmy was due, and a man who more than once effectively filled the office of Minister of War, — as a member of the French Academy.

But his position as one of the learned forty did not withdraw him from the Chamber of Deputies, where he continued to sit as deputy for Valogues till the fatal days of 1848. The sordid and shameless trafficking in places and employment in 1846 and 1847, as evidenced by the affairs of Drouillard, Cubieres, Teste, Pellapra, and Petit, roused the moral sense of M. de Tocqueville. He denounced this corrupt truck and barter system in indignant terms, touching on the moral side of the question with the hand of a master. Public morals, said he, in a mournful tone, are depraved, and private morals are deteriorating to the lax level of public morals. The sense of conscience is becoming feebler. It is true the working classes are not troubled by political passions as they were formerly, but their politics have become socialist. They no longer seek to upset such a minister, to overthrow such and such a government, but they wish to uproot and overturn society itself. When such opinions become prevalent and sink into the minds of the people, they produce sooner or later — one knows not the moment — one knows not how — the most formidable revolutions. Subsequently, on the discussion of the affairs of Switzerland on the 4th of February, M. de Tocqueville said with truth and prophetically, "that he scented the wind of revolution;" and in about three weeks afterwards Louis Philippe was a dethroned fugitive, and the Republic had been proclaimed.

In the National and Legislative Assemblies which succeeded to the monarchical government, M. de Tocqueville was returned for the department of La Manche. He uniformly voted with the moderate party, repudiating alike the views of ultra democrats and

reactionists. He vigorously opposed the doctrines of the Socialists and Louis Blanc's theories as to the organization of labor. He also strenuously opposed the decree of banishment directed against the family of Louis Philippe. The high and spotless character of M. de Tocqueville — his honorable probity and conciliatory character — marked him out as one fit to be appointed to the Congress to be assembled at Brussels for the settlement of the Italian question. General Cavaignac, the head of the Executive power, and a man altogether of his own pure stamp, proposed this honorable mission to him. Subsequently, on the 3d June, 1849, he was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs; and it was while he filled this high office that the expedition to Rome was undertaken by France. The measure was a fatal mistake, which has led to serious complications. But that it was conscientiously advocated and defended by De Tocqueville on grounds of State policy — we conceive mistaken grounds — there cannot be a doubt. The honorable man who is now no more was a gentleman possessing a conscience and strong convictions, and was the last person on earth who would advocate a system of policy from unworthy motives. Indeed, he proved his purity and independence on the 31st October, 1849, by resigning his portfolio in consequence of the President's message of that date. That message interrupted the harmony which existed between the moderate majority of the Legislature (a majority represented in the Ministry by Dufaure, De Tocqueville, and Lanjuinais); and the consequence was that these gentlemen retired, and were replaced by such devoted instruments as the D'Hautpouls, the Foulds, and the Labittes.

As a private member of the Legislative Chamber, M. de Tocqueville continued to oppose the personal system of the *Elysée*. To the last he remained a faithful defender of Parliamentary government, and on the 2d December, 1831, was one of those who protested at the Mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement against the purjured *coup d'état*. With the principal of his colleagues he was incarcerated till the crime had been safely consummated, and was then set at liberty. From the moment of his liberation he felt that under such a slavish and soulless system his proper place was private life. In the closet he might contend with, and, by argument and reasoning, and the lessons of history, overthrow brute force; but he could not grapple with illegal tyranny in the high-

ways and public streets. In the prostrate position of his country, De Tocqueville dedicated himself wholly to literature, and commenced in 1850, his work on the *State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789*. This work, excellently translated by Mr. Henry Reeve, appeared in an English dress in 1856. In it the author proved to demonstration that the communities the least able permanently to escape from absolute government are precisely the communities in which aristocracy has ceased to exist. Despotism nowhere produces such pernicious effects as in those communities. Far more than any other form of government, despotism favors the growth of all the vices to which such societies are specially liable. It deprives its subjects of every common passion, except the desire to be rich at any cost. Instead of men being engrossed by public affairs, they are under such a system engaged in the passion of lucre, in the worship of money, in the petty squabble of sordid interests. They do not feel that they have a country to die for, or to save. Great citizens are under such a government unknown, and under such a régime there cannot long continue a great people. The people must soon dwindle down and sink to the level of the brutal despotism to which they unresistingly submit.

De Tocqueville was a man of genius and independence, who had immortal longings in him, and who had the happiness during his whole life to exercise his faculties in the pursuit of noble ends. This long contributed to the tranquillity and elasticity of his mind, for he was hopeful that better days would dawn on his country. But as year after year passed on, consolidating a kind of political materialism, upheld by mute and enslaved assemblies, he became more and more disgusted with a system which repelled every thing like genius, talent, and independence — a system which ostracized the Guizots, the Villemains, the Cousings, the Montalemberts, the Dufaures, the De Barantes, and the Gasparins, only to exalt cupidity and deify dishonor. As the progress of his disease advanced, his conscience was quieted and strengthened by the consciousness that he had opposed a system not less hostile to private morals than to public liberty. He breathed his last too in the firm conviction that he would be well spoken of in his own country by every man of honesty and virtue. In dying he had no regrets, for he felt with Bacon "that the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations."

A. V. KIRWAN.

From The Examiner.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester; with a Selection from his Correspondence and other Unpublished Papers. By the Rev. Francis Kilvert, M.A., Editor of the "Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton." Bentley.

FROM Walpole's literary estimate of Richard Hurd—that "all his writings are tame, without a grain of originality," we cannot differ. Nevertheless we believe that a selection from Hurd's writings, ably made, would form a volume singularly illustrative of one aspect of literary character in the last century, and having also its own substantial interest and value. Under Heaven,—for of his piety there never was a doubt,—Hurd cared for very little but his books and his patrons. He shut himself out of the world, looked down as a country rector from his own sublime height on unclassical parishioners, and lived for polite letters, of which he had a fine grammatical enjoyment. Dr. Johnson called him a word-picker. An irreverent speaker, whose name is unknown, called him "an old maid in breeches." But Miss Burney, who knew him at court when he was a bishop, praising his face and manner, tells us that he was there known as "the Beauty of Holiness."

The second son of a Staffordshire farmer, Hurd lived to refuse the archbishopric of Canterbury, and to entertain the king and queen in his episcopal castle at Hartlebury. Mr. Kilvert, who now puts together with unaffected good taste, memoirs of the life thus begun and ended, is related to his hero's family. Bishop Hurd's domestic chaplain was the Rev. Richard Kilvert, his first cousin, and uncle to the present editor. The memoirs consist of well-arranged extracts from published and unpublished letters and memoranda, with a very slight connecting narrative. They display a just regard for the bishop's memory, and are presented to the public in the simplest and best taste. There is nothing said in them beside their purpose, the materials are so well arranged that with only a few additional words they will tell their own story, and no more than these few necessary words are added. There are two parts of the memoir; the first divides the bishop's life, and correspondence illustrating it, into four sections; the second part contains selections from the bishop's commonplace book, expressions of his mind never before printed. Much valuable matter is appended, and the work as a whole is to be reckoned with the best examples of its class. Exclusive attention is paid to the subject. Not in one line does the editor invite attention to himself.

Richard Hurd was the second of three sons of parents whom he has described as "plain, honest, and good people, who rented a considerable farm" in the parish of Penkridge, in the county of Stafford. The eldest of their sons "settled very reputably in their own way," the youngest entered the Birmingham trade, and married secretly a young person so deficient in rank and beauty that when he went to open the truth to his mother, he left the little woman in the cart house till he obtained leave to introduce her. She was a good wife. Through her only the family was continued, and she lived to be led with stately courtesy by her alabaster-faced brother-in-law the bishop to the head of his table at Hartlebury Castle. Richard Hurd had parents who spent all they could in forwarding him as a scholar, since his taste was for books. He entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, as a sizar, and at the age of nineteen was a Bachelor of Arts. At college he was described by a friend as having been "a terse, neat, little thin man;" and Mr. Kilvert begins by presenting to us the Bachelor of Arts in correspondence with the Rev. John Devey, a Shropshire rector, whom he addresses with excessive deference. His topics are critical remarks on new books and eulogy of patrons, more especially of Doctor Macro, who seems to have procured him temporary charge of the small rectory of Reymerston, in Norfolk, as well as a curacy that could be held with it. Mr. Devey having suggested to him that he ought to make more of his Reymerston tithes, Hurd replies that although he knows his income from them to be worth more than the eighty pounds they bring, "I am assured it will never be in the power of that address you are so polite to compliment me upon, to advance it." The address upon which the young clergyman was complimented thus early, certainly contributed much to his subsequent prosperity.

Although a man whose later life was spent in avoidance of association with the common world, Hurd in his youth smoked pipes and played upon the fiddle. Of Mr. Devey's son he reports well from Cambridge, but adds, "the only want of improvement I can discern in him is in point of smoking, which he still continues unacquainted with; and though I would be very cautious of saying anything to the prejudice of so good a lady as Mrs. Devey, yet I must say that I verily believe that the want of this so necessary qualification in her son is wholly owing to her advice and precepts. In punishment of her, I cannot tell whether I may not take a pipe extraordinary myself when I see you." Four years later, writing to another friend from Cambridge, Hurd writes, "To enliven, or at least relieve this solitude, I

have taken to my long-neglected fiddle." There may have been jovialities in the staid bishop that needed only fitting accidents of life to bring them out. While warning in middle life his clever friend Joseph Cradock—whose recollections of him are the liveliest we have—that he will pay him a visit, he does not forget the bottle of old hock while stipulating for the plain mutton and turnips, the fowl and the pudding; he also congratulates his friend on having fallen in with his taste for Twining's hyson at 17s. a pound. When he was a rector with a curate, the poor curate, impatient of his employer's cold and supercilious manner, scarcely tolerated his position, and he was surprised to find that the same lofty person when a bishop, of his own unprompted impulse, lost no time in getting him a living. A speculative, bookish, imaginative man, it is probable that Hurd really did not know what to say to people with whom he could not talk about the subjects of his study, and for this reason he appeared to hold himself aloof from all who were less well-read than himself. He was happy in having Warburton, a scholar, for his patron. All his address, and all his willingness to please those by whom he could be substantially obliged would not have brought him to the ante-room of a mere courtier.

His first publication was of "Remarks on a late Book," and was a piece of controversial theology. His next book was his "Commentary on Horace's Art of Poetry," published when he was thirty years old. The introduction to this work was closed with a warm compliment to Warburton, for whose literary character he had acquired a genuine admiration. Warburton soon returned Hurd's compliment with public praise of his Commentary, and in this way the intimacy of an honest friendship was begun. Hurd rose through Warburton and knew it, and was glad of it; but there was nothing cringing in his gratitude, his partisanship, although extreme, was sincere, and it was not so much by his "address" as by his real worth that he preserved the active friendship of his clear-headed and hot-tempered friend. Warburton introduced Hurd to his friends Murray and Charles Yorke, and procured for him of Sherlock, Bishop of London, an appointment as one of the preachers at Whitehall. Within a year after Hurd's attack on his patron's behalf upon Doctor Jortin, misnamed "the Delicacy of Friendship," Warburton had got for his admirer the living of Thurstaston, near Leicester, whereupon Hurd writes to his "truest and most excellent friend," "I am quite confounded with this fresh instance of your goodness to me, so little usual in any, and so much above example in these times."

Here his old Cambridge friend, the poet Mason, visited the rising scholar and divine, arranged the roses in his garden, and praised him in song as one

"Whose equal mind could see vain Fortune shower

Her fimsy favors on the fawning crew,
While in low Thurstaston's sequestered bower
She fixed him distant from Promotion's view."

But he had no mind to be lost in low Thurstaston. He avoided his parishioners on week-days, telling Warburton, "I am here perfectly quiet, for I have delightfully had roads about me." He would take a sermon of Bourdaloue's into the pulpit and preach it from French into English, saying, "This is good practice to obtain the language." He liked, indeed, to be a scholar in his pulpit, and his taste for polite preaching made him say when he was about to be a bishop, that he would like better to have the living of St. George's, Hanover Square. But when the convivial Bishop Warburton came to the solitude of the Thurstaston study, "What," he said, "are all the good houses that I see around me here utterly uninhabited? Let us take our horses and beat up some of our neighbor's quarters." "I certainly cannot refuse attending on your lordship anywhere," answered the cautious Hurd; so he was compelled to give a dinner party, but the bishop gave the welcome to the guests. It was but a day's burst of hospitality. To his friend Dr. Balguy, Hurd soon afterwards writes: "I am so entirely alone that for weeks together I see no human face but that of my own servants and of my parishioners at church on Sunday."

In 1759 Mr. Hurd published his "Moral and Political Dialogues," in which there was as good speculation as might be desired from a thoughtful man who illustrated his own doctrine (contained in his earlier essay on Poetical Imitation) that energy and originality of thought are less to be admired than elegance of diction. The dialogues introduce as speakers Waller, Cowley, Sprat, Addison, and divers other men, who are all one Hurd. That "On the Constitution of the English Government" was useful afterwards as means of prepossessing the king in its writer's favor.

In 1762 Hurd published his twelve "Letters on Chivalry and Romance." The work raised his credit, and was indeed an agreeable addition to literary argument upon a pleasant theme. When the preachship of Lincoln's Inn soon afterwards was "likely to be vacant," Hurd said, "I still persist in my resolution to decline it. I never had vigor of mind enough to conceive any thing of ambition, and I grow every day less apt for so sublime contemplations." The va-

cancy arose, and he immediately accepted the appointment. Then Warburton, as Bishop of Gloucester, appointed Hurd his archdeacon, the preferment being of the more value because there was a small rectory attached. In the year following, his age being forty-eight, Mr. Hurd proceeded D.D. at Cambridge. At the same time he was appointed to open the lecture founded by Bishop Warburton for illustration of the argument in favor of Christianity derived from Prophecy. The twelve sermons preached on this subject at Lincoln's Inn were published and became, like the "Moral Dialogues," and especially that on the Constitution, grounds of royal favor. At the age of fifty-four Doctor Hurd was made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. "This elevation," Mr. Kilvert sensibly remarks, "has been ascribed to the king's admiration of his Dialogues, for the king said one day, These made Hurd a bishop. I never saw him till he came to kiss hands: "considering, however, the dexterity with which those about courts contrive imperceptibly to direct the choice of princes, we can hardly doubt that his powerful friends Lord Mansfield, Mr. Charles Yorke, and Bishop Warburton, had much to do with the promotion."

Two years afterwards, when Doctor Markham was turned suddenly out of his tutorship, Bishop Hurd became preceptor to the royal princes. When the bishop, who was himself a model of correct deportment, was asked by a lady at Hartlebury, "How do you think your pupil his royal highness the Prince of Wales will turn out?" "My dear cousin," he replied, laying his peculiarly small white hand upon her arm, "I can hardly tell; either the most polished gentleman, or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe; possibly an admixture of both."

A couple of years before the death of Doctor Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Hurd wrote to Doctor Balguy, "During our stay at Windsor I was dragged again to Farnham. The old man seemed well and hearty. For the rest, I have little concern about him, and none at all about his bishopric." Nevertheless some concern about the vacating of his see. For on the old man's death Bishop Hurd obtained his clerkship of the closet, and advancement to the see of Worcester, Bishop North passing to Winchester. At Worcester Hurd was content. The fine residence of Hartlebury Castle did not contain a book or a bookroom; this put him to the expense of building, which he described as "only one of the many embarrassments we draw upon ourselves by accepting bishoprics." He built for his books, including those of Bishop Warburton, which he had purchased, a library eighty-four feet long, and being thus well settled was not to

be tempted away even when in 1783 the Archbishopric of Canterbury was at last offered to him. He declined it, he said, "As a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain, especially in those times."

A milder and more courteous turn has been given by another writer to one of Mr. Cradock's characteristic notes of Bishop Hurd's life when at Worcester. Cradock says that Mr. Mainwaring, paying his last visit to the bishop on a public day, mentioned at dinner some French emigrants whom he had seen. His lordship suddenly dropping knife and fork cried "Have I lived to hear the Lady Margaret's Professor at Cambridge call it emigrant?" The company was astonished, but the professor quietly replied, "My lord, I am certainly aware that the i in emigro is long, but modern usage"—"Nay, sir," the bishop broke in petulantly, "if you come to modern usage I can certainly say no more."

The other version of the anecdote is that the bishop himself raised the question by first saying emigrants, and assented with good humor to the rebuke of a physician, "I presume your lordship does not always adhere so strictly to the quantity of the original; would you in any case say to me, Doctor, your medicinal prescription irritates me."

Although Bishop Hurd lived to within a year of ninety his health never was robust, and at seventy he had all the infirmities of age. His age was eighty-three when the king, who found him "the most naturally polite man he had ever known," wrote to him as "my dear good bishop," that in case the threatened invasion of England by Buonaparte should take place, he did not know where he could place his family with so much satisfaction to himself, and, under Providence, with so much security as at Worcester. But, he added, "it does not appear probable that there will be any occasion for it, as I do not think the unhappy man who threatens us will dare to venture among us; neither do I wish you to make any preparation for us." Bishop Hurd survived until May, 1808.

The long life which Mr. Kilvert illustrates with so much good material itself furnishes much interesting illustration of the character of English literature during more than half a century. Bishop Hurd was a man of his time, and his success was that attainable in every generation by an estimable mediocrity that has enough force to make itself in some sort the representative of a prevailing taste. The lives and works of such men are invaluable to the student, but the greater public as it travels forward leaves them with the past, of which they are dead records.

From The Saturday Review.

MORAL CONQUESTS.

If we are compelled to study the character of the emperor of the French in a somewhat invidious manner, the fault is not ours, but that of the French people. They have had the misfortune, in an hour of weakness brought on by their previous excesses, to fall from the high state of civilization in which the will of every man is subordinate to reason embodied in the law, and to invest the will of one man with enormous powers of oppressing themselves and of disturbing and menacing neighboring nations. They must not take it uncivilly if we, who are directly affected by the arrangement, endeavor to estimate its consequences in the only possible way—by considering the moral peculiarities of the person to whom these powers are entrusted. It is no more than calculating the orbit of a comet which brings pestilence and war. Nor, we fear, will the mass of Frenchmen take much amiss any thing which gives them reason to believe that the head of their state is regarded with apprehension even if that apprehension should be little mingled with respect.

We take the leading feature of the French emperor's character, as formed by the circumstances through which he has passed, to be an inveterate habit of conspiracy. He was a conspirator from his boyhood, he has been a conspirator through life, and a conspirator he will remain till death. As a pretender to the French throne, he spent his time till past middle age in plotting (not for any generous dream) with all the elements of change in Europe, and entering into every dark association for the purpose of disturbing the political peace of France and overthrowing her constitutional monarchy. The contact into which he was brought during these years with the various revolutionary parties in Europe has given him revolutionary connections and a knowledge of revolutionary ideas and catchwords which he finds extremely useful at his need, and to which he does not fail to resort when the "order" line of business is for the moment less convenient. Twice, without national call or public pretext of any kind, he attempted to plunge France into the horrors of civil war for his own personal objects. When a man has done this he has passed the gulf which separates innocence, or even ordinary wickedness, from the most selfish and the most atrocious criminality of which human nature can be guilty; and to suppose that he will stick at any other action that may serve his purposes is mere infatuation. The long and lonely confinement which followed Louis Napoleon's second attempt was spent by his active mind in brooding over all kinds of schemes for the

reorganization of France and Europe, and for improvements in artillery. One of his great subjects of thought in that solitude, as we know from the "Revelations" of M. Louis Blanc, was the glory of the Cæsars, the beneficence of their empire, and the injustice which malignant historians had done to the character of Tiberius. Hence he has acceded to power not only with a head full of plots, but with a deep and ingrained propensity to indulge in them which has long ago become a second nature, and of which, at his time of life, he can no more be cured, except by some great disaster, than a great drinker or smoker can be cured of his taste. His schemes, we venture to think, are rather restless, various, and entangled than profound. He is always laying out his lines against possible opportunities, in all directions, and these lines not unfrequently cross each other. Was it like a very masterly intriguer to write a conciliatory letter to the English people and at the same time to send a letter of thanks, by the hand of M. Mocquard, to a Bonapartist newspaper in Ireland? The object (which has never been quite neglected) of keeping up a useful interest among the Irish Catholics is allowed to cross the main object, which at present is that of obtaining the consent of England to the invasion of Syria. The complicated equivocations which preceded the seizure of Savoy were in like manner the apparent offspring of a morbid taste for indirect proceedings, and gratuitously aggravated the suspicions with which the transaction was sure to be regarded. The whole web, indeed, has now become so entangled that the spinner begins to show symptoms of perplexity, and is compelled to transfer his activity from Europe to a distant sphere. But want of perfect dexterity in scheming does not render the schemes less dangerous to the world, when the most desperate dilemma can only force the schemer to extricate himself by bringing into play the military power of France.

The emperor himself unconsciously depicts his own inventive restlessness by a slight touch in his letter to M. Persigny. When, in that letter, he endeavors to re-assure us as to his intentions, he does not tell us that he will be at rest and leave the world in peace, but that his schemes will take the form of domestic, not of foreign, conquest. His prurient love of "ideas" will find a vent at home. "I have great conquests to make, but only in France. Her interior organization, her *moral development*, the increase of her resources, have still immense progress to make. There a field exists vast enough for my ambition and sufficient to satisfy it." Knowing who the writer is—what his habits

and convictions, and the habits and convictions of those about him are—we may smile at the intimation that a field of action including the “moral development of France” is “vast enough for his ambition.” It is the very drunkenness of egotism when those who have no morality in themselves propose to impart to others the moral principles which are the only possible means of moral development. Louis Napoleon has extinguished freedom in France; nor will he, much less those about him, ever venture, in spite of wordy professions, to restore it. With freedom he has extinguished the purifying force of a strong public opinion. The advance hitherto made in the “immense progress” of “moral development” is marked by a state of Parisian society unparalleled since the regency, by the prevalence (in apt conjunction with atheism) of the spirit-rapping superstitions to which the emperor himself is addicted, by a stunted and lifeless education, and by the abject licentiousness of a literature debarred from manly subjects—a licentiousness which the government attempts to repress by edicts singularly reminding us of the moral and sumptuary legislation of the Roman emperors, as the spirit-rapping does of their astrological superstitions. The resources of commerce and industry cannot be created by the will of a despot, as historical experience abundantly proves; nor will they create themselves so long as a suspected intriguer is on the throne, and the match is perpetually held to the mine of European war. How France can be more “organized” than she is at present, or how any scope can be found for inventive ambition in devising new machinery of that kind, it would puzzle the imagination of a sous-préfet to discover. Military greatness is the one kind of greatness which, for a certain period at least, the fiat of a despot can actually call into being for his own glorification; and to this Louis Napoleon will be compelled to return.

In the moral and political line the destinies, which he worships, are against him. There are certain periods and conjunctures of history at which an individual ruler is

every thing to society, and the promulgation of his “ideas” is quite in place. Charlemagne, in his proper hour, had his proper function—that of moulding a barbarous population according to the views of a superior intelligence which necessarily enforced its dictates with a strong hand. Alfred, in the same manner, had great moral and intellectual conquests to make over the savage anarchy amidst which he mounted the throne. Again, when such a catastrophe as the first French Revolution has resolved society into its elements, a dictator is needed in the first instance to build up a fabric out of the new materials; and the justness of that dictator’s personal “ideas” are of real and permanent importance to the nation. He has conquests to make over the difficulties of the political situation—the crudeness of the new institutions, and the encumbering ruins of the old. To such a task the first Napoleon was called, and had he been content to remain the first magistrate of the Republic, with dictatorial powers, instead of founding a Brummagem dynasty, and had he used honestly the momentous trust committed to him, he might have been a greater conqueror in peace than in war. But the “ideas” and the “moral conquests” of Louis Napoleon are a plagiarism, an anachronism, and an impertinence. The society to the head of which he has accidentally clambered had already been fairly given into its own hands, and was advancing, though with the stumblings, relapses, and despondencies of a novice, in the path towards self-government. The “ideas” of each individual among the educated classes in France are just as good, and the “ideas” of the educated classes collectively are much better, than those of the man in whose hands, if he is to fill properly the place his vanity assigns him, all the intellect of France ought to be as mere clay in the hands of a half divine potter. But the Bonapartes, like the Bourbons, have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. If “conquests” have become a necessary stimulant to the emperor’s nature, there is but one direction in which the stimulant can be found.

BREAKNECK STEPS.—In Lord Macaulay’s article on Oliver Goldsmith, in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we are told that “Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called

Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners will remember both.” The court and the ascent are still there, at the end of Old Bailey, opposite the prison, and the place is still called by the same name, “Breakneck Steps.”—*Notes and Queries*.

J. E. J.

From The Examiner.

Some Works of Roger Bacon hitherto Unedited.—Fr. Rogeri Bacon Opera Quædam hactenus Inedita. Vol. I. Containing I. Opus Tertium. II. Opus Minus. III. Compendium Philosophiæ. Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A., Professor of English Literature, King's College, London, and Reader at the Rolls. (Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, published by the Authority of her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls). Longman and Co.

THE "Old Hodge Bacon" of Hudibras, and the hero of "the honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay," is the person who acquired his skill by promising himself to the devil when he died, whether he died in the church or out of it, and who at last cheated the devil cleverly by dying in a hole in the church wall. Four centuries before the day of small philosophy, when such stories were credited, an anxious simple-minded man in the gray habit of the lowliest of the religious orders, one who had spent a handsome patrimony for the love of knowledge, and who waited on the outcast leper for the love of God, walked barefoot in the streets of Oxford. His home was in no stately monastery, but in the poor house in the suburbs, in the parish of St. Ebbe's, which had been given to the Franciscans by a citizen. In the wretched chamber that was the appointed dwelling of a Minorite, while still the doctrine of St. Francis was in force among his followers, Roger Bacon made lament sometimes for want of ink, and sometimes was by the superior of his order confined as a prisoner on bread and water, because he had plunged rebelliously into the luxury of books, or made his knowledge known too freely to others. Beyond these punishments for breach of discipline it does not appear that Friar Roger Bacon suffered, as many accounts of him would have us believe, chains and persecution from the church. Neither did he occupy any such middle place between the church and the world as might be represented by the hole in the church wall, wherein tradition tells us that he died. Within the church he lived and died, and all the labor of his life, in science and philosophy, as in the daily ministering to the sorrows of the poor, was worship.

There could be no better introduction to the study of the works of Roger Bacon, now first printed after laborious investigation, and collected by Professor Brewer, than the volume of *Monumenta Franciscana*, issued already under the same editorship in the same issue of Chronicles and Memorials, un-

der the direction of the Master of the Rolls. In the valuable introduction to that volume, in its opening treatise of Eccleston de *Adventu Minorum in Angliam*, and especially in the remarkable letters of Adam de Marisco, a contemporary of Bacon, and like him an Oxford Minorite, there is much to be found that is essential to any lively understanding of the place occupied in his own time by one who was the earliest of our great English philosophers. He was a thinker who has been excelled by very few in grasp of intellect, by none in honesty of character.

Roger Bacon was born when King John of England had done homage to Pandolf, and he was in his cradle in Somersetshire when the barons obtained from the king his signature to Magna Charta. He was the child of a rich family that in the succeeding reign sided with Henry the Third against the combination of the barons. The triumph of the barons, as we learn from the *Opus Tertium* now published, had sent Bacon's mother, his brothers, and his whole family into exile. Repeatedly subject as they were to capture, all their wealth was eaten up in ransoms.

Roger, from childhood studious, avoided the strife of the day. He was sent to the University of Oxford, and according to the custom of the better class of scholars, passed on to the University of Paris, then in chief repute. The death of his father may have placed his fortune in his hands. He prosecuted in France without stint costly studies and experiments, did not shrink from the great expense of books, transcribers, and instructors, and he mastered thoroughly not Latin merely, but also Hebrew and Greek, which not more than five men in England then understood grammatically, though there were more who could loosely read or speak those tongues. When he returned to Oxford, having obtained a doctorate in Paris, to be confirmed to him by his own university, he withdrew entirely from the shock of civil strife by joining the house of the Oxford Minorites, having spent all his time in the world and two thousand pounds of money on the search for knowledge.

But of all that he acquired and digested in his healthy brain, he had committed to writing nothing or almost nothing, and his order prided itself in the checks put by it upon the vanity of learning.

A ditch and a fence, poor cottages of mud and wood, with some few cells for the friars to pray in and labor in for the eschewing of idleness, had been St. Francis' ideal of a religious house. In London the Minorites chose for their home "Stinking Lane," near the Newgate shambles; at Shrewsbury the liberality of the townsmen having raised for

the Franciscan's dormitory walls of stone, the minister of the order caused them to be taken away and rebuilt with mud alone. Saint Francis declared doing to be more than talking or writing. To a friar who asked whether he might not keep a psalter, he said, When you have got a psalter then you'll want a breviary, and when you have got a breviary you will sit in your chair as great as a lord, and you will say to your brother, "Friar, fetch me my breviary." A man, said the honest saint, has no more knowledge than he works, and he is a wise man only in the degrees in which he loves God and his neighbor.

Roger Bacon was already ten years old when the Franciscan friars first came into England, and he was a Franciscan when the order was still true to the principles on which it had been founded. It does not appear, therefore, that his studies were impeded by peculiar discouragement or persecution. The strict discipline of his order weighed upon him. It has yet to be shown that he was regarded as a heretic, or that, as an old translator of one of his books in the days of the restored Long Parliament expressed it, 'twas the pope's smoke which made the eyes of that age so sore as they could not discern any open-hearted and clear-headed soul from an heretical phantasm."

Out of the pope's smoke came, in fact, Roger Bacon's light. A report made to him before his elevation to the papacy had excited in Clement IV. curiosity to learn what was in the mind of the *Doctor Mirabilis*, and from what poor Bacon called his chair on the top of the world he sent to the lowly friar for the knowledge that he had to give.

The pent up store was all held for the good of the church. In spite of their self-denials the Franciscans at Oxford and elsewhere included many learned men, who by the daily habit of their minds were impelled to give to scholarship a wholesome practical direction. They were already beginning to supply the men who raised the character of teaching at the University of Oxford, till it rivalled that of Paris. Friar Bacon was among the earliest of these teachers, so was Friar Bungay, who lives with him in popular tradition. In those days the strength of the pure clergy was gone out of the church; rank and power came by use of the law, and the clergy were embroiled in questions of canonists and jurists, pouring out uncertain words directed by a logic parted from the nature out of which it sprang. Bacon believed that the use of all his knowledge, if he could but make free use of it, would be to show how strength and peace were to be given to the church. Knowledge was then regarded strictly, as it had been in

the time of Alcuin, as the handmaid of theology. In Alcuin's extant manuals,—following the old division of studies into "Trivium" (Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic) and "Quadrivium" (Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Astronomy);—we find that even Arithmetic is theological. The definition of a perfect number, as six, illustrated the perfectness of Creation in six days. On the contrary, wrote Alcuin, if we divide the number 8 we find the sum of its parts less than the whole. On this account, when the human race was renewed after the flood, it originated from the number 8, for we read that 8 persons were in Noah's ark, thus indicating that the second race is less perfect than the first, which had been created in the number 6. So theological was science. Roger Bacon saw benefit to the church in the communication of his knowledge, and the pope required that, disregarding any rule of his order to the contrary, he would write for him what was in his mind.

What was in his mind! Within his mind was, according to the just phrase of Dr. Whewell, at the same time the *Encyclopædia* and the *Novum Organum* of the thirteenth century. By the rule of his order strictly enforced, he was a sealed fountain, till the desire of the pope set the stream flowing. In a thick coming eager torrent it poured forth, dashing wildly against the great rocks set in its path. The first rock was poverty. As a Franciscan he was without worldly goods. The pope sent him no money, and the welcome command celebrated with so many eloquent words of extreme, heartfelt gratitude, came to the poor friar when he was in France. The Franciscans, it may here be remembered, travelled often for their order, and went far as missionaries, strict to keep Lent even in bleak Crim Tartary on salt, millet, and melted snow. To commit to parchment all that he had been pining to say would cost in materials, transcribers, necessary references, and experiments, a sum of sixty pounds. Bacon hurried a call for money to his exiled mother and brothers, but they had spent all in paying their own ransoms. None, of course, would lend money on the personal security of a man vowed to possess nothing in this world. It was furnished at last by poor friends, some of whom pawned goods to raise the necessary means, upon the understanding that their loans would be made known to his holiness, who would, no doubt, enable the poor friar to repay the gold necessary to be borrowed for his service. The next obstacle to be overcome was the continued hindrance of his order, for the pope's command was but a release to Bacon's conscience. It was confidential, and was not made known

to those who had immediate rule over his time. Nevertheless, the torrent was set loose, and the most astonishing fact demonstrated by the volume now before us is, that in less than a year and a half, in about fifteen months, the *Opus Majus* had been written for Pope Clement, the *Opus Minus* had been sent after it to recapitulate its argument and strengthen some of its parts, the *Opus Tertium* had followed upon that, as Summary and Introduction to the whole, enriched with further novelty, and prefaced with those touching details to which we have just referred. The details appear in explanation of the strict account of requisite disbursements which had been sent to the pope with the last treatise, because to raise the means of making them the friar had pawned to poor men the credit of the Holy See. The *Opus Majus*, edited by Doctor Samuel Jebb in 1733, is a large closely printed folio. The *Opus Tertium*, serving for argument and introduction to the whole, as now first printed in the volume before us, occupies more than three hundred pages. The mere fragment which alone has been discovered of the *Opus Minus* fills in the same volume eighty pages more. Yet Bacon performed the duties of his order, read and experimented, framed intricate tables, and had to superintend the work of his transcribers. His eagerness must have been sleepless; but there is no record of any acknowledgment that it received.

Roger Bacon, then fifty-three years old, saw to the heart of the knowledge of his time, and it had life for him. He rejected nearly all its vanities and follies, and perceived the harmony among its truths. The body of doctrine that he urged in the *Opus Majus*, reiterated in the *Opus Minus*, and summed up for his holiness in the *Opus Tertium*, sets out with the principle that there are four grounds of human ignorance: trust in inadequate authority, the force of custom, the opinion of the inexperienced crowd, and the hiding of one's own ignorance with the parading of a superficial wisdom. No part of that ground has yet been cut away from beneath the feet of students, although six centuries ago the Oxford friar clearly pointed out its character. We still make sheep walks of second, third, and fourth and fiftieth hand references to authority; still we are the slaves of habit; still we are found following too frequently the untaught crowd; still we flinch from the righteous and wholesome phrase, I do not know! and acquiesce actively in the opinion of others that we know what they appear to know. Substitute honest research, original and independent thought, strict truth in the comparison of only what we really know with what is really

known by others, and the strong Redan of ignorance has fallen.

But because much ignorance arises and is perpetuated through uncertain use of words, the right study of grammar, and the art of exact expression must be taken as the portal to sound knowledge. In his day, says Bacon, "ego currit" passed as grammar, and "contraries may be like" as logic, among youths who were "sine ulla arte artium magistri." Great stress is laid upon the study of languages and the getting rid of untrue translations, especially those of the Bible and of Aristotle. He would have learned men study to read the Bible accurately in the original tongues. Of Aristotle, he declared that it would be a blessing if he never yet had been translated, so great was the confusion of good knowledge caused by the incompetence of those who turned him into Latin. Next to grammar and languages, Bacon placed mathematics, which in his day included all physical science, adding a particular consideration of optics and ending with the study of nature by experiment, which, he says, is at the root of all other science and a basis of religion.

In this order he traced the course of knowledge in his *Opus Majus* and the works connected with it. In the same order he afterwards prepared upon a grander scale his summary of knowledge, not in a brief conspectus, but in a series of ample treatises, whereof a grammar and some other parts are extant in MSS., soon, we hope, to appear in print under the sound editorship of Professor Brewer.

Some of the discoveries attributed to Roger Bacon are ascribed to him, perhaps, through ignorance of the substance of knowledge in the middle ages. He is far from attributing to himself any discovery of optics lenses, but records the belief that Julius Cæsar set up great glasses on the coast of Gaul to observe the people and cities on the shores of Britain when he designed his invasion. He knew how to imitate thunder and lightning with gunpowder, but had doubtless that knowledge from his oriental studies, and did not suggest any use for the explosive force. In the mechanical chapter of that remarkable letter "On the Secrets of Art and Nature, and the Nullity of Magic," which Mr. Brewer very properly has included in an appendix, we read, "It is possible to make a chariot move with an inestimable swiftness, and this motion to be without the help of any living creature." Yet we cannot say that Roger Bacon was discoverer of locomotive engines. The careful reader of his works does not, in fact, dwell upon isolated curiosities, but notes rather the philosophic tone of the whole argument, the clearness

with which truth is apprehended, the nicety of mathematical calculation, the evidence of actual and careful astronomical research, and the wise tone in which those errors are discredited with which Roger Bacon's name has, by perversity, been for so many centuries associated. He explicitly condemns the doctrine of astrology dominant in his day, which attributed events to the working of the constellations, and foretold them accordingly, allowing "nothing to freewill, nothing to accident or fortune, nothing to prudence." He was so far from accepting magical doctrines that he censures even the priests who attributed magical power to the holy water sprinkled on hot irons for the ordeal, or to prayers over running streams at the immersion of witches. But he cautiously allows some force, as men do still, to the opinion that faith in charms, by acting cheerfully upon the mind, may cause them to effect some cures. That Roger Bacon was the true originator of the reform of the Julian calendar there is good reason to believe.

Mr. Brewer's volume is the first of two or three which will in fact contain the more important and the larger part of Roger Bacon's works, for the unpublished MSS. outweigh in extent and even in value all that has hitherto appeared in print. The list of what has formerly been printed is exhausted soon. In 1542 Claudius Cælestinus edited at Paris,

and in 1617 Doctor Dee printed at Hamburg the Letter, *De Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ*, which was translated by an Englishman in 1659. At Nuremberg there was printed in 1614 the *Speculum Alchemiæ*. At Oxford there was printed in 1590 the treatise, which was translated in 1683 by Doctor Richard Browne, as "The Cure of Old Age." Its doctrine is that man being by nature *Potens non mori*, if everybody, from the breast upward, followed a complete regimen of health, he might reach the utmost limit "that the nature he had from his parents would permit, beyond which there is no further progress." That doctrine we receive from the physicians of the present day. To this brief list we have only to add Doctor Jebb's edition of the *Opus Majus*; even that is, however, wanting the book upon Natural Science, which it is left to Professor Brewer to supply. "It is easier," said Leland, "to collect the leaves of the Sibyl than the titles of the works written by Roger Bacon." Nevertheless to the acute and practised eye of Professor Brewer, which identified the disjointed, ill-copied fragment of the *Opus Minus*, given here, and found a MS. of the *Opus Tertium* in Lambeth Library, under the modern title of *De Laude Sacræ Scripturæ*, we look for the collection of no inconsiderable number of the works themselves.

BUMPTIOUS AND GUMPTION.—Sir E. L. B. Lytton, in *My Novel*, gives an amusing disquisition on the words *gumption* and *bumptious* :—

" 'She was always—not exactly proud like—but what I call gumptionious.' "

" 'I never heard that word before,' said the parson. 'Bumptious, indeed, though I believe it is not in the dictionary, has crept into familiar parlance, especially amongst young folks at school and college.' "

" 'Bumptious is bumptious, and gumptionious is gumptionious,' said the landlord. 'Now, the town beadle is bumptious, and Mrs. Avenel is gumptionious.' "

" 'She is a very respectable woman,' said Mr. Dale.

" 'In course, sir; all gumptionious folks are: they value themselves on their respectability, and look down on their neighbors.' "

" 'Parson. "Gumptionious—gumption. I think I remember the substantive at school; not that my master taught it to me. Gumption,—it means cleverness.' "

" 'Landlord. "There's gumption and gumptionious! Gumption is knowing; but when I say that sum un is gumptionious, I mean—though that's more vulgar like—sum un who does not think small beer of hisself. You take me, sir?' "

W. C.

When the question about *gumption* was first started, it at once struck me that it was connected with *gawm*, and *gawmless*; at the same time the word *bumptious* suggested itself as being a corruption of *presumptuous*, to which it in the main corresponds.

J. EASTWOOD.

Gumption, heedfulness, carefulness, acuteness of observation. It is still in use in the south of Scotland; from A-S. *gyman*, *gyman*; from which, to gome, still in use in south of Scotland (but not found in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary), to observe, take heed, zemen (*Ancren Rîme, passim*).

Bumptious, in common use in Lincolnshire, presumptuous, pertinacious. In Holloway's *Dict. of Provincialisms* it is, "apt to take unintended affronts; petulantly, and arrogantly."—*Notes and Queries*. J. M.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

UNDER CHLOROFORM.

Most people take an interest in any authentic account of the mode in which important surgical operations are performed, whenever opportunity is offered of gratifying their very natural curiosity. Such opportunities are however somewhat rare. The columns of the newspaper press not unfrequently supply brief, and sometimes curiously incorrect, particulars of the injuries resulting from "an appalling accident" of the night previous, to some unfortunate workman who has fallen from a scaffold, or been mutilated by a railway train. Scraps of hearsay are eagerly gathered up by the penny-a-liner, who, like the fireman's dog of notorious ubiquity, is always first on the spot after the occurrence of a catastrophe; and a remarkable combination of technical phrases culled from the brief remarks of the surgeon in attendance, and from the slender stock which has accumulated in the reporter's brain from previous experiences, makes its appearance in to-morrow's daily journals, and is certain to be reproduced in all the weeklies of Saturday next. Then it is the great public learns with profound horror that some poor victim's shoulder-joint has been dislocated in three places, that the carotid artery was pronounced (surgeons are invariably said to "pronounce") to be fractured, or that there was great contusion and ecchymosis (always a trying word for the compositor) about the spine, and that amputation would probably be necessary.

But sometimes it happens that an over-riding public, with a curiosity not much in this instance to be commended, peeps within the pages of the medical press, hoping to unravel some of the mysteries of professional craft. Ten to one that it gets nothing but error for its pains. The technicalities which medical men must necessarily employ when writing for each other, are instructive only to the initiated, and are pregnant with blunders for the simple reader. And few people make more mistakes than our medical amateur who, on the strength of a weekly perusal of *The Lancet* at his club, sets up as an authority in the social circle on questions of physiology and physic.

Occasionally, moreover, after dinner, when the ladies have left the table, and the men alone remain to empty decanters and derange a dessert, one has the gratification of meeting some very young gentleman, who, the week before last, presented his proud father with the diploma of "the college," elegantly framed and glazed, in return for an education which has cost five years and a thousand pounds, and who astonishes his elderly associates with a highly tinted sketch of some

operative achievement, in which perchance he assisted at the hospital. As he surveys the auditory, silent and absorbed by his heart-stirring description, and complacently witnesses the admiration which such evidence of his own familiarity with harrowing scenes, and of his apparent absence of emotion, elicits, it is to be feared that its influence, associated with that of the port, a beverage appreciated by our young friend, if one may judge by the quantity he imbibes, tends to render the information obtained, as one may say almost at first hand, not so absolutely trustworthy as a man of fact is accustomed to desire.

After a due survey then of the varied sources from which most people obtain information respecting the topics in question, and after some observation of the character and quality of the knowledge so acquired, we have formed the deliberate conclusion that they possess very erroneous, and very inadequate notions about the nature of a surgical operation. No doubt all admire the *sang-froid* and skill, possession of which is necessary to make a good surgical operator—qualities, by the way, which are perhaps more frequently developed by training, than found already existing as a natural inheritance. But it is germane to our purpose to remember that everybody has a direct practical concern in the existence of an available supply of the necessary talent to meet a certain demand on the part of the body politic, for no one knows how soon his own personal necessities may not be such as to give him the strongest possible interest in its exercise: a demand that is absolutely inevitable;—for be assured that, without any wish to alarm you, gentle reader, Mr. Neison will, if requested to make the calculation, inform us at once what the numerical chances are that your own well-proportioned nether limb will, or will not, fall before the surgeon's knife, or that that undoubtedly hard and well-developed cranium may not yet be scientifically explored by "trepan" or "trephine." He will estimate with unerring certainty the probability (to nine places of decimals, if you demand it) that your own fair person may become the subject of some unpleasant excrescence; and also what the chances are that you must seek the surgeon's aid to remove it. While Mr. Buckle will stoutly maintain, and you will find it hard to gainsay him, that, given the present conditions of existence, a certain ascertainable number of tumors, broken legs, and natural-born deformities will regularly make their appearance every year among the human family. And he will probably add, that it is perfectly within the province of possibility to calculate, if we had all the required data, the exact

number of individuals who have the requisite courage to submit to operation; as of those who will not have heart to do so, and who will inevitably die without benefit of surgery; together with the exact percentage to the population of those who will, and who will not, put faith in the blessed boon of chloroform.

It is a blessed boon; and in olden times the possessor of such a secret would have been the most potent wizard of which the earth has yet heard tell. What miracles might not have been performed by it! What dogmas might not have been made divine and true by its influence! Happy was it that those great powers, the magic of chemical and electrical discovery, have been brought to light in a time when they can be used mainly to enlighten and bless, and not to darken and oppress mankind!

But that word chloroform is happily significant that it is to no scene of suffering that we would introduce our readers. There is no need to shrink, or to question the taste which exhibits the details of a surgical operation to the vulgar eye. It is not designed, even in this stirring time, after the fashion of ancient Rome, to deaden our sensibilities, or to accustom our youth to witness deeds of blood and violence without shrinking. No trace of suffering will be visible in the picture which shall pass before us. So great is the triumph which modern surgical art displays, so great the boon which it has conferred upon humanity! It is this which we propose to illustrate, by describing the single and simple process involved in cutting off a leg.

Permit us first, however, to cast a passing glance, by way of contrast, to the established and orthodox fashion of performing that operation some centuries ago. Bear with us but a moment, and in imagination hope that then, when painless surgery was unknown, no patient lacked support in his hour of trial (long hours then, in truth!) from that great and never-failing source which flows, unmeasured and unfathomable, for all humanity, alike in every age.

Until the last three or four hundred years, amputation of a limb was very rarely performed, except when, from injury or disease, its extremity had begun to mortify; and then, few surgeons ventured to make incisions in the sound portion, but limited themselves to an operation through the tissues which had already lost their vitality. This timidity was due to the fact that they were unacquainted with any effectual means of stopping the bleeding from the larger arteries divided by the knife. Certain and easy as is the control of such bleeding now, by the simple process of tying a piece of thread or

silk round the extremity of the bleeding vessel (as we shall hereafter see,) it was unknown, at all events as applicable to amputation, to any surgical writer from Hippocrates, 400 B.C., or from Celsus, who flourished in the first Christian century, to the fifteenth. Consequently, the numerous instances of injury and disease, in which life is now saved by a timely resort to amputation, were then always fatal. Hence, also, arose the various expedients which the more adventurous operators of the time resorted to, in order to stop fatal bleeding, with the effect only of increasing the patient's torture, and with the attainment of no good result. Thus the incisions were performed with a red-hot knife, that the divided vessels, seared and charred by the horrible contact, might contract, or become plugged, and so be prevented from bleeding (Albucasis, eleventh century.) Effective for the instant, the force of the circulation quickly overpowered the slender obstruction, and fatal hemorrhage, sooner or later, took place. Yet this plan continued more or less in vogue down to the discovery of the ligature in the sixteenth century, and was practised even later in Germany by the celebrated Hildanus (1641;) although he subsequently adopted the new method. According to another fashion, the surgeon, after making a tedious division of the flesh down to the bone, with studied endeavor not to divide the arteries until the last moment, relied on applications of red-hot irons, or of some styptic fluid, usually a powerful acid or astringent, to arrest the bleeding. If these were not successful, a vessel of boiling pitch was at hand, ready prepared, into which the bleeding stump was plunged. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the patient rarely escaped with life; either he died from loss of blood in a few hours, or less; or if the dreadful remedies succeeded, he survived a day or two, to die of fever or exhaustion. After an earlier method, that of Guido di Caulico (1363), a bandage of plaster was made to encircle the member so tightly that mortification attacked all the parts below, which then, after the lapse of months, dropped off, a horribly loathsome and offensive mass. Another surgeon, Bottali (1560), invented a machine to sever the limb in an instant by a single stroke; and it was not uncommon at this period to effect the same purpose by the hatchet, or by a powerful mallet and chisel.

It is to Ambrose Paré, the great French surgeon, who flourished in the sixteenth century, that we owe the application of the ligature (used long before in ordinary wounds) to the bleeding arteries in amputation. He discarded the use of the red-hot cautery, and of all the frightful adjuncts already described;

and accomplished his purpose by carrying the thread round the vessel by means of a needle passed through the soft parts adjacent—a method of adjustment which, although still in use, is now employed only in exceptional instances. Richard Wiseman, sometimes styled the father of English surgery, who practised about the middle of the seventeenth century, is believed to have been the first to employ the ligature in our own country, and to relinquish the application of heated irons. At this era also, the circulation of the blood was discovered by the renowned Harvey, and the distinction between arteries and veins being thenceforth clearly understood, the value of the ligature was rendered more than ever obvious.

But enough of this: let us sooth our ruffled nerves by seeing how the thing is done to-day. We will take a quiet post of observation in the area of the operating theatre at one of our metropolitan hospitals, in this year of our Lord 1860. Notice is posted that amputation of the thigh will be performed at two o'clock, P.M., and we occupy our seat ten minutes before the hour.

The area itself is small, of a horse-shoe form, and surrounded by seats rising on a steep incline one above another to the number of eight or nine tiers. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty students occupy these, and pack pretty closely, especially on the lower rows, whence the best view is obtained. For an assemblage of youths between eighteen and twenty-five years, who have nothing to do but to wait, they are tolerably well-behaved and quiet. Three or four practical jokers, however, it is evident, are distributed among them, and so the time passes all the quicker for the rest. The clock has not long struck two, when the folding-doors open, and in walk two or three of the leading surgeons of the hospital, followed by a staff of dressers, and a few professional lookers-on; the latter being confined to seats reserved for them on the lowest and innermost tier. A small table, covered with instruments, occupies a place on one side of the area; water, sponges, towels, and lint, are placed on the opposite. The surgeon who is about to operate, rapidly glances over the table, and sees that his instruments are all there, and in readiness. He requests a colleague to take charge of the tourniquet, and with a word deposes one assistant to "take the flaps," another to hold the limb, a third to hand the instruments, and the last to take charge of the sponges. This done, and while the patient is inhaling chloroform in an adjoining apartment, under the care of a gentleman who makes that his special duty, the operator gives to the now hushed and listening auditory, a brief history of the cir-

cumstances which led to an incurable disease of the left knee-joint, and the reasons why he decides on the operation about to be performed. He has scarcely closed, when the unconscious patient is brought in by a couple of sturdy porters, and laid upon the operating table, a small, but strong and steady erection, four feet long by two feet wide, which stands in the centre of the area. The left being the doomed leg, the right is fastened by a bandage to one of the supports of the table, so as to be out of harm's way; while the dresser, who has special charge of the case, is seated on a low stool at the foot of the table, and supports the left. The surgeon who assists, encircles the upper part of the thigh with the tourniquet, placing its pad over the femoral artery, the chief vessel which supplies the limb with blood, and prepares to screw up the instrument, thus to make sure that no considerable amount of the vital fluid can be lost. The operator, standing on the left side of the corresponding leg, and holding in his right hand a narrow, straight knife, of which the blade is at least ten inches long, and looks marvellously bright and sharp, directs his eye to him who gives the chloroform, and awaits the signal that the patient has become perfectly insensible. All is silence profound: every assistant stands in his place, which is carefully arranged so as not to intercept the view of those around.

The words "quite ready" are no sooner whispered, than the operator, grasping firmly with his left hand the flesh which forms the front part of the patient's thigh, thrusts quietly and deliberately the sharp blade horizontally through the limb, from its outer to its inner side, so that the thigh is transfixed a little above its central axis, and in front of the bone. He next cuts directly downwards, in the plane of the limb, for about four inches, and then obliquely outwards, so as to form a flap, which is seized and turned upwards out of the way by the appointed assistant. A similar transfixion is again made, commencing at the same spot, but the knife is this time carried behind the bone; a similar incision follows, and another flap is formed and held away as before. Lastly, with a rapid circular sweep around the bone he divides all left uncut; and handing the knife to an assistant, who takes it, and gives a saw in return, the operator divides the bone with a few workmanlike strokes, and the limb is severed from the body. A rustling sound of general movement and deeper breathing is heard among the lookers-on, who have followed with straining and critical eyes every act which has contributed to the accomplishment of the task; and some one of the younger students is heard to whisper to his

neighbor, "Five and thirty seconds: not bad, by Jove!"

The operator now seats himself on the stool just vacated by the dresser, who has carried away the leg, and seeks in the cut surfaces before him the end of the main artery on which to place a ligature. There is no flow of blood, only a little oozing, for the tourniquet holds life's current hard and fast. Only five minutes' uncontrolled flow of the current from that great artery now so perfectly compressed, and our patient's career in this world would be closed forever. How is it permanently held in check? and what have we to substitute now for the hissing, sparkling, and sputtering iron, and the boiling pitch? The operator takes hold of the cut end of the artery with a slender, delicately made pair of forceps, and draws it out a little, while an assistant passes round the end so drawn out a ligature of exceedingly fine whipcord, fine but strong, and carefully ties it there with double knot, and so effectually closes the vessel. A similar process is applied to perhaps six or seven other but smaller vessels, the tourniquet is removed, and no bleeding ensues. Altogether the patient has lost little more than half a pint of blood! The flaps are placed in apposition, the bone is well covered by them, a few stitches are put through their edges, some cool wet lint is applied all around the stump, and the patient, slumbering peacefully, is

carried off to a comfortable bed ready prepared in some adjacent ward. Half an hour hence that patient will regain consciousness, and probably the first observation he makes will be, "I am quite ready for the operation; when is it going to begin?" And it takes no little repetition of the assurance that all is over to make him realize the happy truth.

So it is that he who loses the limb knows less about the process than any one concerned; infinitely less, my gentle reader, than you who have shared with us the quiet corner, and have seen all without losing consciousness, or fainting. It was an early day in the medical session, and many new men were there: one at least was observed to become very—very pale, and then slowly disappear: no one knows how or where, for neither we in the area nor those elsewhere had leisure or care to inquire.

What might have happened to somebody else had he been witness before these blessed days of chloroform, can, in the nature of things, be only a matter for speculation. It may even be surmised by some theorist, and without hazarding a very improbable guess, that a similar catastrophe might, perhaps, under such aggravating circumstances, and at a greener age, have rendered utterly futile, on his part, any attempt to describe what modern skill and science now accomplish in cutting off the leg of a patient under chloroform.

ENGLAND AT THE CLOSE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—The nation was on the brink of ruin; and it is probable that her ruin would have been consummated, but for some compensatory circumstances, which lay beyond the control of her blind and obstinate ruler. While the king's government was losing a great empire in the west, private enterprise had reared from its foundations a still greater empire in the east. While orators and statesmen were engaged in debates about election contests, matters of privilege, or questions of ephemeral or personal interest, the advancing prosperity of the nation, and its progress in the arts of civilized society, are to be traced in the private legislation of parliament. The Inclosure Acts, the Road and Canal Acts, the Paving and Lighting Acts, which are supposed to concern only the local and personal interests of the parties who solicit them, formed by far the most important part of the transactions of Parliament, from the commence-

ment of the reign until the end of the American war. But, above all, it was by the inventive genius of the Lancashire artisans, that England was compensated for the fatuity of her rulers. The steam engine and the spinning jenny opened up new sources of wealth and power; and Watt and Crompton have given us a commerce of a hundred millions with free America, in lieu of a barren sovereignty which we could not have retained.—*Massey's History of England.*

DINNER ETIQUETTE.—Like your correspondent CI-DEVANT JEUNE-HOMME I have a distinct recollection of having seen the ladies go out of the drawing-room first in single file, followed by the gentlemen in the same order. My impression is that the system of *hooking*, like the dancing of quadrilles, was not introduced till after the peace in 1814.—*Notes and Queries.*

MELETES.

From The Examiner.

Curiosities of Natural History. Second Series. By Francis T. Buckland, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford; Assist. Surgeon, 2nd Life Guards. Bentley.

THE place in literature left vacant by the death of Mr. Broderip is likely to be better filled by Mr. Buckland than by any other furnisher of recreations in Zoology. Less learned in the literature of their subject, but as hearty in the scientific relish of it, and as copious in anecdote, the *Curiosities of Natural History* gathered into Mr. Buckland's First and Second Series may take their place upon the book-shelf with the well-known and ever popular *Zoological Recreations*. The new volume is in part a reprint from journals to which good sketches of animal life and zoological anecdotes are welcome, but the republished matter is recast and blended with much that is altogether new in three chapters of naturalist's gossip. Of these one is upon the contents of Dr. Buckland's geological collection in description of its sale, one of the creatures that are to be found in a gamekeeper's museum, and the last is called a Hunt on the Sea-shore. In the main, therefore, this is peculiarly a book of the season, one chief section of it having especial interest for the sportsman, and another for the townspeople who migrate to the sea. At Brighton Mr. Buckland says:—

"While looking at the machines, I was informed by my companion that the English have not been a sea-bathing nation such a very long time, and that, therefore, bathing-machines are a comparatively modern invention. It is exactly one hundred and ten years ago that a physician, named Russell, wrote a book upon the advantages of washing the body in sea-water—an idea which had not previously entered into the brains of our forefathers. Up to that time, to use the words of my learned informant and friend, Mr. Roberts, of Dover, 'the sea was judged to have been designed for commerce, and seaside towns for the residence of merchants and fishermen. At no previous period had there been sea-side visitors. Why should they go to the sea-coast, when no motive could be stated,—at a time, too, when Northampton's healthy climate was attributed to its distance from the noxious fumes of the sea? There were certainly watering-places; but these were towns where mineral waters existed, such as Bath, Cheltenham, Harrowgate,' etc. Dr. Russell's brother doctors took up the cry; sea-bathing suddenly became the fashion; Dr. Russell was obliged to come to reside at Brighton; and the fishing villages in various parts of the kingdom became inundated with visitors. Brighton, being the point where the sea could be most easily reached from London, was soon found out, and taken possession of by a colony of citizens, anxious to follow the fashion and recruit their health at the same time. Besides Brighton, many other watering-

places have started into existence, and the sea is now found efficacious for nearly all ailments, whether of mind or body, and it often effects a cure when nothing else will; an annual migration, like that of anadromous fishes, of thousands of persons now takes place to those very shores which their grandfathers regarded with a species of horror.

"In most books, Brighton is stated to be forty odd miles from London. This we believe not to be strictly correct; but it is *made* under fifty miles from London, because as we have heard the tale, in former times, the king was not allowed to go more than fifty miles from London without a minister. Now, the sovereign who was so fond of Brighton did not want to be bored with a minister at his elbow; and therefore Brighton was put down as being under the proscribed distance, and the pavilion, etc., started into existence."

The following hint may be new and acceptable to some of our sportsmen:—

"It is often a difficult matter to know which of a lot of birds, pheasants or partridges, hanging in a larder ought to be cooked first. My friend, Mr. Coulston, of Clifton, Bristol, has shown me how to put a date upon each bird without using pen, ink, or pencil, and it is a very simple but useful plan. When the birds are brought in after shooting, hold up each before you with his breast facing you, then begin to count his toes from *your* right towards *your* left, after the manner that children in the nursery play the game of 'Whose little pigs are these?' Let the claws indicate the days of the week; if the bird was shot on Monday, pull the claw off the first toe you count; if on a Thursday, the claw from the fourth toe, and so on. When the birds are subsequently examined, each will bear a mark to show immediately on what day of the week he was killed. This plan may be known to many, but still I give it for the benefit of those who have never heard of it before."

The gourmand who has never eaten hedgehog may be interested by these culinary hints:—

"I have often heard that hedgehogs are good to eat, and that gypsies are very fond of them, and that they are great proficients in the art of cooking them. I have lately had the good fortune to obtain information on this point from a high authority. In the neighborhood of Oxford I met an old gypsy woman, who, although squalid and dirty, was proud in being able to claim relationship with Black Jemmy, the king of the gypsies. She informed me that there were two ways of cooking a hedgehog, and seemed much surprised at my question whether her tribe ever ate them; as if there could ever exist a doubt. I expressed a wish to know the process, the receipt for which I subjoin in her own words: 'You cuts the bristles off 'em with a sharp knife after you kills 'em fust, sir; then you swells them (Oxfordshire, burns them with straw like a bacon pig), and makes the rind

brown, like a pig's swealings; then you cuts 'em down the back, and spits 'em on a bit of stick, pointed at both ends, and then you roastes 'em with a strong flare."

"It appears that hedgehogs are sometimes in season, and sometimes out of season. My informant told me that 'they are nicest at Michaelmas time, when they have been eating the crabs which fall from the hedges. Some,' she added, 'have yellow fat, and some white fat, and we calls 'em mutton and beef hedgehogs; and very nice eating they be, sir, when the fat is on 'em.'

"The other way of cooking hedgehogs is gone out of fashion. 'The gysy's grandmother used to cook them in the following manner; but it appears they are best roasted. The exploded fashion is to temper up a bit of common clay, and then cover up the hedgehog, bristles and all, in it,—like an apple in paste, when an apple dumpling is contemplated,—then hedgehog, clay and all, is to be placed in a hole in the ground, and a fire lighted over it; when the clay is found to be burning red, the hedgehog is done and must be taken out of the hole; the clay-crusts of the pie being opened, the hedgehog's bristles are found sticking to it, and the savory dinner is ready.

"The fashion of eating hedgehogs was not, in former days confined to gypsies. There was a farmer's family living at Long Compton, near Oxford, who were supplied with hedgehogs by our informant's grandmother; this family used also to breed them, keep and fatten several litters, 'and,' said the gypsy, 'they used to eat up every litter they bred, dressing 'em just when they wanted 'em, like they did the fowls.' Sometimes a nest of young hedgehogs is found by the gypsies; if they are too small for eating, they are preserved till fit for use, or, as it is called in Oxfordshire, 'flitted; ' that is, a string is tied to the hind leg, and the doomed animal is allowed to wander about the length of his

tether, picking up what he can get; under this system, if well fed, he will fatten wonderfully."

Illustrative of the perils of science is this story of the bubble knowledge sought at the whale's mouth:—

"Some years before I was born, a large whale was caught at the Nore, and towed up to London Bridge, the lord mayor having claimed it. When it had been at London Bridge some little time, the government sent a notice to say the whale belonged to them. Upon which the lord mayor sent answer, 'Well, if the whale belongs to you, I order you to remove it immediately from London Bridge.' The whale was therefore towed down the stream again to the Isle of Dogs, below Greenwich. The late Mr. Clift, the energetic and talented assistant of his great master, John Hunter, went down to see it. He found it on the shore, with its huge mouth propped open with poles. In his eagerness to examine the internal parts of the mouth, Mr. Clift stepped inside the mouth, between the lower jaws, where the tongue is situated. This tongue is a huge spongy mass, and being at that time exceedingly soft, from exposure to air, gave way like a bog, at the same time he slipped forwards towards the whale's gullet, nearly as far as he could go. Poor Mr. Clift was in a really dangerous predicament; he sank lower and lower into the substance of the tongue and gullet, till he nearly disappeared altogether. He was short in stature, and in a few seconds would, doubtless, have lost his life in the horrible oily mass, had not assistance been quickly afforded him. It was with great difficulty that a boat hook was put in requisition, and the good little man hauled out of the whale's tongue."

The book, as a good specimen of the class to which it belongs, will enrich any collection.

NAPOLÉON I.: HIS TESTIMONY TO THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.—The following statement is to be found at p. 171, of Arvine's *Cyclopaedia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes*, but without reference to any authority. I should like to be informed whether it rests on any respectable foundation:—

"'I know men,' said Napoleon at St. Helena to Count de Montholon, 'I know men, and I tell you that Jesus is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first

his disciples adored him. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creatures of our genius? Upon force. But Jesus Christ founded an empire upon Love; and at this hour, millions of men would die for him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and is still extending over the whole earth!' Then, turning to General Bertrand, the emperor added, 'If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong in appointing you a General.'"

—Notes and Queries.

J. H.

From The Spectator.

THE GREAT DESERTS OF NORTH AMERICA.*

THE Abbé Domenech has published, in two volumes, illustrated with fifty-eight woodcuts, three plates of ancient Indian music, and a map of the country described, the result of his personal observations and ethnographical studies on the Indians of the great deserts of North America, after a seven years' residence among them. The work is full of interest; it impresses us generally with a conviction of the good faith, simple heartedness, perseverance, industry, and comprehensiveness of observation which distinguish its excellent author. The descriptive parts, in particular, are very well done; being at once picturesque and exact; vivid enough to suggest the scenical reality and sympathetic enough to present "the mysterious reflection of the mind, which seems to appeal to us from the landscape," without any sacrifice of scientific accuracy.

The abbé has divided his work not only into chapters but into parts. We shall pass lightly over the first and second divisions, the subjects of which are "Ancient emigration" and "American origins." In these two sections there is much ethnological and cosmological speculation, evincing some reading and study, and possibly containing valuable matter. In the present state of the various branches of knowledge which relate to such disquisitions, it must be left to the professed ethnologist to decide on the success or failure of our author, in his remote inquiries into the origin of the American Indians, his anthropological classification, or his theory of the influence of climate. Where we feel ourselves competent to pronounce an opinion, as in questions of pure exegesis, we profoundly disagree with the abbé. How far certain documentary prepossessions may bias his scientific conclusions, we leave to the determination of better instructed minds than our own.

Starting with the unity of the human race and rejecting the hypothesis of a separate creation as well as every "other extraordinary theory," our author regards the Indians as members of the family created by God in Eden—"the degenerate descendants of emigrants from the old world, who at successive and very remote periods came over to America, voluntarily or accidentally," either in groups or separately. Two main routes are indicated by which these emigrants might have passed over into America. "The great route principally traversed is

that which joins Asia and America, at Behring's Straits; or else the two lines of islands the Kouriles, situated between Japan and Kamschatka, and the Aleutines, which join Kamschatka to the Alaskan peninsula in Russian America, near the 55° latitude North." Other emigrants, it is supposed by the abbé, came from the east by the north of Europe, though Ireland, Iceland and Greenland, as others again reached Central America by the Canary Islands, "availing themselves of trade-winds and strong submarine currents." In proof of the origin thus assigned to the Indians of America, the abbé refers to the analogy which exists between the Mexican calendar and the calendars of nations of Tartar derivation, showing, as Humboldt observes, that the inhabitants of these two continents drew their astrological notions from a common source. In Mexico too, as in Eastern Asia, such names as tiger, dog, monkey or rabbit, were given to the days of the week. Another argument in favor of this identification is derived from affinity of idioms, which although composed of dissimilar words, agree closely in grammatical construction.

The third part of the work before us bears as its characteristic heading, the word "Descriptions." The central portion of North America is divided into distinct zones. "The one to the east is covered with thick forests, which extend almost without interruption from the Atlantic to the valley of the Mississippi, and even to a distance of three hundred miles beyond that river." At Texas the forests are replaced by prairies which "ascend from south to north to the hyperborean regions and are afterwards lost to the west in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. It is this zone, divided in all its length by the range of the Rocky Mountains and of the Sierra Nevada, that is the least known, although it is the most curious and interesting of the New World;" and it is of this zone that the Abbé Domenech proposes to himself especially to treat. The deserts of the south follow the prairies of Texas. "The prairies are cut up by countless rivers and streams, which are skirted by a double border of forests, composed of cedars, magnolias, sycamores, plane-trees, ebony," tulip-trees, maples, pines, acacias, oaks, etc. Some of them are sixty miles in length. They present the appearance of an ocean of dark stunted herbs, where nothing marks a beginning or an end. The traveller journeys through these wildernesses for days together, "without hearing the warble of the birds, without seeing any thing but the yellow grass, flowers faded by the heat, deer lying carelessly about, and pricking up their ears as they look at you with astonishment; time-

* *Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America.* By the Abbé Em. Domenech, Apostolical Missionary, etc. In two volumes. Published by Longman and Co.

blanched bones, some rare tumuli, or sepulchral mounds, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, or drowned in the bluish vapors of the atmosphere. To the west of Texas are to be seen two plains, stretching from east to west, whose undulations resemble "the little waves caused by the ebb and flow of the tide." Here infrequent mesquites with their gnarled branches display their dark green foliage; or a capriciously distributed cluster of acacias "appear like motionless shadows bending over a petrified sea covered with algæ." These regions, moreover, are fertile, abounding in grass and flowers. Partridge, quail, wild turkeys, and deer are found here. Unfortunately rattlesnakes, scorpions, and tarantulas, equally affect these green domains. They are seen in the plains, in the woods, on the borders of the rivers, in fact everywhere, and were it not for the slow movements of these and other venomous reptiles and insects, "the history of the deserts would be but a long martyrology." The greatest annoyance, however, is the tick, or prairie bug, who creeps, clings, nestles, sucks wherever he can, and irritates the traveller incessantly. The greatest privation is the want of water. Animals perish with an exhausting thirst; withered skeletons of white people are seen near springs, to which they had not sense or strength to crawl. Here, too, the arrow and lance of the Comanches, exasperated by American ill-treatment, destroy their many victims.

Passing over the deserts of the south-east, the south-west, and the west, and omitting all notice of California, with the historical, legendary, or descriptive comments of our author, we arrive at the borders of the Great Salt Lake, with its seventy miles of length, its elevation 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, and its seven islands. The waters of this lake leave traces of salt all over the soil. No fish can live in them; and fresh meat steeped in them for twelve hours, requires no other conserving preparation. To the east of the lake lies an extensive plain, covered in part with artemis, mire, or salt. From its centre rise numerous mountains like islands planted in a sea of saltpetre. "Beyond this point commences the desert of the Seventy Miles."

"The malediction of Heaven seems to weigh heavily on the solitude, which reminds one of the desolate shores of the Dead Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed. To the east there appeared inaccessible mountain ridges, and blood-colored rocks dotted with green spots: on their flanks undulated dark clouds: whilst thick vapors moved above their summits, like the smoke of a volcano upon an azure sky. Light mists produced at twilight, hovered amid

its vague glimmer, and danced over the waters, looking like crape tinged with the most lovely pink; this crape spread over the horizon a transparent veil that shed upon nature the charm of a faint light, which, as it gradually rose to the summit of the mountains, assumed a more sombre hue, an indescribable; dismal appearance, that filled the soul with sadness and the eyes with tears. This immense valley, of a lugubrious and funereal aspect, recalls to mind that of Jehoshaphat, the valley of graves. An imposing silence continually reigns around this described lake, which might well be called the "Lake of Death." On its sterile strand, on the porphyry of its banks, you never hear the patter of the rain, the whistle of the wind, the leaves falling from the trees, the chirp of the birds, nor the swallow's rapid flight through the air. All is calm and gloomy like the vaults of a gigantic sepulchre. One would say that God, in a day of wrath, had cursed these solitudes on account of the crimes of their inhabitants, whose ashes lay mouldering for many centuries beneath the sands of the deserts."

Closely following this striking scenical delineation, we find a very interesting sketch of the Mormon settlement. "The situation of the Mormon capital is admirable." Two years after its foundation it was already four miles in length by three in width. The streets, which, with a breadth of forty-three yards, have on each side a footpath of six or seven yards wide, run at right angles to each other. The houses are required, by municipal regulation, to be erected at a distance of seven yards from the footpaths. The intermediate space is planted with trees and shrubs. Before each door irrigating pipes are passed, which furnish abundant supplies of water for the gardens. To the east and north the city is commanded by a chain of mountains, whose graceful peaks are lost in the clouds, and which descend to the plains by gradations forming beautiful verdant terraces. To the west the town is watered by the Jordan, while innumerable torrents supply tiny brooks and streams that run along the thoroughfares and water the gardens. The foundation of several other towns, Payson, Monte, the City of the Cedar, is also laid in the Great Basin. "Before many years have elapsed," says the Abbé Domenech, "all these establishments will [we believe] be joined by an uninterrupted chain of farms and villages, and from the Pueblo de los Angeles or of San Diego to the Great Salt Lake, the route will pass between rows of houses and cultivated fields." Our author testifies to the rapid progress of the Mormons in the useful arts and industries—a progress which will make them ere long commercially independent of the United States for all fabrics and manufactures whatever. He pronounces them too powerful to

fear the few soldiers that could be sent to intimidate them, and predicts that for a long time to come they will remain the sovereign masters of the territory of the Utah. The Mormon Church which in 1830 had only six members now numbers upwards of 100,000.

From the descriptive portion of this work, we come to the archæological section. For "from Florida to Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the American soil is strewn with gigantic ruins of temples, tumuli, entrenched camps, fortifications, towers, villages, circuses, towers of observation, gardens, wells, artificial meadows, and high roads of the most remote antiquity." Pipes, sculptures, statuettes, mummies, serve to illustrate an extinct civilization. Who were the architects of the American monuments described by our traveller? Humboldt conjectures them to be the work of Scandinavians from the eleventh until the fourteenth century; but Domenech offers an ingenious proof of the untenableness of this supposition.

This proof is supplied by the trees which have grown on the ruins of these monuments, and the number of whose concentric circles, corresponding to the numbers of the years during which they have existed, warrants us in concluding that these relics of the past were abandoned 900 or 1,000 years ago—consequently at a period anterior to that assigned by Humboldt for their erection. The abbé's own opinion is, that they were constructed by a numerous and civilized people; and as he does "not think it possible that such a people can have existed during so many centuries and passed quite unperceived from the earth, 'he' firmly believes in its decline and fusion with the actual race of Red Indians, who wander and vegetate in the solitudes of the wilderness, as an example to the world of the vicissitudes of nations and empires."

These poor Red Indians afford an emphatic illustration of the "natural selection" or "vix victis" theory of existence. "Two centuries ago, the Indians of North America numbered about 16,000,000 or 17,000,000 souls, without including those of Mexico; since that period, civilization has deprived them of two-thirds of their territory. Iron weapons, fire, brandy, small-pox, and cholera, have also made upwards of 14,000,000 of victims among them." The present Indian population, including the Indians in the British possessions, is estimated by our author and other writers at 2,000,000. In the Annals of the Propaganda of the Faith it is stated to be 4,346,803; while Mr. Schoolcraft, again, after various corrections and additions of his statistics, gives us as his definitive total, no more than 423,229.

The second volume of the *Seven Years' Residence* treats of the historical traditions and peculiarities of the Indians, sketching the characteristics of their different tribes, or of some of them at least, for they seem inexhaustibly numerous; describes also their individual qualities; presents us with a sketch of their languages and literature; portrays their manners and customs; depicts their holiday occupations and industrial pursuits and discusses their religious creeds and ceremonies. Uncorrupted by the vices of civilization, the real Indians are still simple and right-hearted, hospitable, truthful, slaves to their words, courageous but implacable in their vengeance, sincerely religious but profoundly superstitious. The degenerate Indians, however, have become false, suspicious, avaricious, hard-hearted, and cruel. As an instance of Indian cunning we may cite the following story:—

"An Indian, after hearing a Protestant preach on the text, Make vows to heaven and keep them, went up to the preacher after the sermon and said, 'I have made a vow to go to your house.' A little surprised, the minister answered, 'Well, keep your vow.' On arriving at the house the Indian said, 'I have made a vow to sup with you.' This was also granted, but when, after supper, the Indian added, 'I have made a vow to sleep in your house,' fearing there would be no end to the vows of his attentive auditor, the preacher replied, 'It is easy so to do, but I have made a vow that you shall leave to-morrow morning,' to which the Indian consented without hesitation."

According to M. Domenech, all the savages of the New World believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, whom they call the Good or Great Spirit, and adore as the Creator. They believe also in the existence of an Evil Spirit, the antagonist of the Good Spirit, not, however, as an independent principle but as a subordinate power, like the Devil of the Christian theology. It is impossible, we suppose, at present to settle the question of Indian monotheism. In a work reviewed in a previous number of the *Spectator*,* the German traveller, J. G. Kohl, while admitting that the Ojibbeways mention one Great Spirit in their festivals, intimates that he does not fare much better than the "Optimus Maximus" of the Romans. It is not at all clear to us, that the Indian creed can be regarded as really or originally monotheistic. In some instances it may approximate to the monotheistic type, but this approximation may be attributed to European influences. Gehza Manitoo is certainly not the only Manitoo, though he is the supreme Manitoo. Of the immutability or divine perfection of the judgments of the

* See *Spectator*, No. 1646, January 14, 1860.

Highest Being, our author tells us that the Indians generally have no conception. The Sioux of Missouri affirm that "before the creation of man the Great Spirit was in the habit of killing buffaloes and eating them on the Prairie Hills." The Comanches, who do not believe in evil spirits, attribute creative power to a secondary Manitoo. The theogony of the Potowatomies teaches the existence of two great spirits, a good God and a bad god, whose power is thought to be about equal, but with a balance in favor of the Beneficent Deity. It does not give us an exalted idea of the power or goodness of the latter to learn that he first filled the new-created earth with beings resembling men but perverse and wicked, and then beholding their ingratitude plunged the whole world into an immense lake and drowned all its inhabitants. Gehza Manitoo, the Great Spirit, is usually symbolized, we are told, by a colossal bird or by the Sun, while Matchi-Manitoo is often represented under the hideous form of a serpent. The residence of the Great Spirit is variously placed in the sun, the clouds, the sky, or in hell, where he punishes the wicked who offend him. The Iroquois tribes again, place the Creator in space; but he shares this roomy residence with Neo, the master of life; Atahocan, the master of Heaven; Mi-chabou, the guardian of the firmament; Agreskoe, the spirit of battle; and Atahensic, the queen of Heaven. When we add, that Atahocan was himself a creator, it is difficult to believe that the Iroquois tribes are not polytheistic. The belief of the Columbia river tribes in "a beneficent and all powerful spirit by whom all things were made," comes nearer the monotheistic ideal; but "its evidential value is impaired by their unworthy representations of a God, who often changes his shape, usually taking the form of a bird, who lives in the sun, for the most part, but frequently soars up into the ethereal regions, to see what is going on in the world, and if he observes any thing that displeases him, makes known his irritation by tempests, storms, and diseases. But, again, in addition to this superior spirit, they also believe in an inferior one, who is said to live in fire, and of whom they stand in great awe. Moreover, we are assured by the Abbé Domenech that the adoration of secondary spirits is common among the Indians, whose vivid imaginations people the solitudes, forests, lakes, rivers, prairies, in a word the whole of nature, with an invisible world of inferior genii, always ready to assist brave, honest hearts that invoke them with confidence. "Of all these powers the most dreaded are the storm-spirit and the fire-spirit." Among the Comanches

the sun is adored as the residence of the Gehza Manitoo and the vivifying principle of nature; the moon as the Goddess of Night; and the earth as the common mother of the human race. According to the author of *Kitchi-Gami*, again, the Great Spirit was assisted in the creation of the world by Mena-boju or Hiawatha. With these facts before us, we find it difficult to persuade ourselves in the present state of inquiry, that the Indians are monotheists, as the abbé wishes to convince us. There is another point, too, on which we must at least suspend our judgment. While Herr Kohl informs us that the notion of retribution scarcely enters into the Indian ideal of a future life, and that the question whether any difference will be made between good and bad is an open one. M. Domenech states positively that "good actions are believed to be punished [compensated?] by eternal happiness and bad actions by endless misery." But to quit these theological speculations. The chapters on Indian literature contain much curious matter. Some of the songs and legends of the Red Race are really graceful and touching; others are uncouth and barbarous enough.

The final chapter of the work we have reviewed discusses the question of Indian civilization, and the probable future of this devoted people. Our author severely condemns the perfidious manœuvres employed by the American Commissaries to despoil the Indians of their territory, singling out for special reprobation the iniquitous encroachments of the Georgian States—encroachments solemnly rebuked by the President John Q. Adams, in his message to the Congress of the 5th of February, 1827. In the New World the policy of the Anglo-Saxon race is to destroy and dispossess its ancient population. The wandering tribes that yet preserve their independence will be treated as have been the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Seminoles, and Delawares. In addition to the mortality superinduced by forced emigration, sickness, and epidemic disease, the probable and approaching extinction of all the large game menaces the Indians with a contingent destruction. Yet, though our author predicts the disappearance of the Red race, he thinks "many years may yet pass before the last Indian has killed the last buffalo." Indeed, he contemplates not the absolute extermination of the race, but the obliteration of its distinctive nationality by absorption through intermarriage with its white supplanter.

Such is, as we have said, the action of the principle of natural selection. For nature, while she tends to a moral ideal, works

towards its realization, rather through concrete might than abstract rights. If the Indians are fated to disappear, it is because they have neither power nor skill to hold their own; because their mode of life which is obsolete, compels them to internecine conflicts; because they are too savage, or too ignorant to desist from war, or to oppose the inroads of famine; because "vice, liquor, and disorders cut them off by thousands," and they have neither the intelligence, nor the moral grace which would enable them effect-

ually to resist the unrighteous incursions of a material civilization. Such reflections do not indeed justify Anglo-Saxon cupidity or Anglo-Saxon oppression; but they serve to reconcile us to the grim "*Vae Victis*" policy of nature, in the hope that whatever perishes, not it may be in the day but in the century, will be replaced by something higher, nobler, better.

"—for 'tis the eternal law,
That first in beauty, should be first in might."

BUG : DAISY : FEAT.—Samuel Purkis, in a letter to George Chalmers, dated Brentwood, Feb. 16, 1799, notices the following provincialisms :—

"As I had some time since the honor of writing to you on etymology, I cannot help noticing two curious words, which in a letter I have just received from an ingenious friend in Lincolnshire are said to be in common use with the lower class of people in that county :—

"*Bug* : conceited, proud. 'As he is very *bug* of it,' that is, he is very proud of it. 'A poor *bug* fool,' that is, a conceited blockhead.

[Richardson informs us, that "*Bug* is not an uncommon expression in the north. He is quite *bug* ; i.e. great, proud, swaggering. "*Hunt*. Dainty sport toward Dalyell ; sit, come, sit, sit and be quiet ; here are kingly *bugs* words."—Ford, *Perkin Warbeck*, Act III. Sc. 2.]

"*Daisy* : remarkable, extraordinary, excellent : as 'She is a *daisy* lass to work,' that is, she is a good working girl. 'I'm a *daisy* body for pudding,' that is, I eat a great deal of pudding.

"As I am on this subject, allow me to remark, that in the Act of James I., cap. xxii. sect. 25, the word *feat* is used in a sense rather unusual. 'No person shall use or exercise the *feat* or mystery of a tanner,' etc. This is different from any modern acception of the word."—*Notes and Queries*.

J. Y.

THE FEMININE AFFIX "Ess."—

"Our English affix *ess*, is, I believe, confined either to words derived from the Latin, as *actress*, *directress*, etc., or from the French, as *mistress*, *duchess*, and the like."—Coleridge, *Satyrane's Letters*, ii.

This is a mistake : e.g. *seamstress* (and *semlster*), from *seam*, which is from the A.-S.

Waitress is not so clear a case, though it is nearer to German than French. By the by, De Quincey (*Autobiographic Sketches*, 1854, vol. ii.

p. 188), has this remarkable note on the word *waiter* :—

"Social changes in London, by introducing females very extensively into the office (once monopolized by men) of attending the visitors at the tables of eating-houses, have introduced a corresponding new word, viz., *waitress* !"

The fact is, it is no novelty at all. See Wiclif's *Bible*, Jeremiah ix. 17.

Athenæum Club.

CLAMMILD.

—*Notes and Queries*.

NEAPOLITAN COURAGE.—The Neapolitans deserted even the gallant Murat at the first volley, when he led them against the Austrians at Tolentino, and they shouted victory or death, till they heard the whistling of the balls. They can do nothing but run away, murder from behind a hedge, and burn or plunder towns they are unable to hold. And yet, to look on in the ranks, they are amongst the finest, the best dressed, and most accurately drilled troops in the world. General Church, an English officer, who obtained credit by raising and equipping for our service two battalions of Albanians, something on the old Greek model of costume, and who after Ferdinand and the Fourth's return to Naples, became his adjutant-general, urged him perpetually to come and look at his guards, newly disciplined and bedizened with lace and frippery, as if they had been carefully unpacked from bandboxes. The king at length complied, muttering that it was an ineffable *seccatura*, fell asleep in his carriage while they were marching past, and being jogged up at the close, complimented his indefatigable lieutenant (who had ridden up to him for the purpose), saying, "General Church, I am infinitely obliged to you ; you have done wonders. They look and move like demigods ; but you'll never make them fight. Good morning." The old gentleman knew his men of old, and was too experienced a sportsman to be taken in by appearances.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

From The National Magazine.

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

"I WOULD rather go through any amount of suffering than live a cold, gray life, with no vivid event to color it," I lately heard one of my scholars say to his companions, and they all echoed the sentiment. They were right, I think, though, poor lads, they hardly understood what they said; for to the young, suffering and sorrow seem full of poetry, and they have yet to learn that when the sorrow comes, the poetry can give but little consolation. I am old now, and, doubtless, to other men my life has appeared dull and eventless enough, for no one has cared to know its hidden trials and consolations,—and yet, how much there is for my poor fond heart to look back to and dwell on, recollections that now I would not lose for worlds. The one great sorrow of my life has become so interwoven with every thought and feeling, I cannot imagine what I should have been without it, but the very monotony of my outward existence has had a soothing effect, and has made my lonely life and unshared grief a second nature to me. I do not understand how men can bear to wander from place to place as they do now-a-days,—they cannot feel the unspoken sympathy of inanimate things as I do. I have always lived in this old town, mused in its gardens, wandered through its cloistered halls, finding such comfort and companionship in their beauty that I have long felt towards them as I believe other men do to their friends. They have never seemed to look less kindly on me because I am poor and weakly, or weary of me because I am grave and slow of speech, and even as a little child I felt grateful for this, and learned to love them, and they have never changed to me in these changeful times.

It seemed to me to-day, as I sat listening in Magdalene Chapel to the grand old organ, and the boys' clear fresh voices singing some anthem that has been heard there for these hundred years, and watching the soft evening light as it came mellowed through the painted windows, just falling on the picture over the altar, and bringing out clear the quaint carving of the oak stalls, that only I had changed through the long, long years since I first sat there a feeble child, weeping from very fullness of heart, it all seemed to me so beautiful. But it was touching to think that of all those who were there then perhaps I alone survived,—what had been the fate of those who listened with me then, as full of life, as untroubled by fears of the future, as confident in their young strength as those I looked at now? I could hardly believe they were not the same faces I saw before me, so like were they in their unclouded brightness. The light shone more vividly still on the altar-piece—

"Christ bearing the Cross," and the choir sang louder, "Comfort ye, comfort ye," while the organ sobbed and wailed like a human voice. Aye, these too will have to bear the cross, these too will soon need comfort—God help them in this evil world!

How well I remember that day (so long past now) when I first went to the chapel. The last notes of the organ had died away, the young men had all escaped from the enforced quiet, but I still sat in a corner of the dark Anti-Chapel quietly crying; I could hardly have told why, except that the music seemed to understand my thoughts and express my feelings as I could not have done in words. I need not say much about my home, but I was not happy there, my *own* mother had been long dead—my father had married another wife, and it was no wonder they both cared for her handsome boy more than they could do for me. They were never unkind, only indifferent, leaving me to wander as I liked, but I knew all their love was for Hugh, a bright winning child, as unlike me as they could wish, and the thought that no one could care for me was very bitter sometimes.

I was suddenly startled by a light hand being placed on my shoulder, and a gentle voice asking "what ailed me?" I raised my eyes and saw a tall gray-haired man looking down upon me so kindly, I could not feel frightened; he led me out of the chapel and made me sit by him in the cloisters outside, bidding me "tell him all about it," and I did open all my childish heart to him, for there was an earnest simplicity and gentle kindness about him that made me forget he was a stranger. He listened very patiently, asking me questions as I went on; when I told him how I loved the music because it seemed to me a friend, he smiled and told me it was he who played the organ and taught the boys to sing, and asked me if I would like to learn too. I said "yes," but it seemed as unreal a dream that I should ever do so as any of the bright joyful dreams I sometimes had. We soon separated, but good Martin Flemming did not forget me (he never did forget where there was any kindness to be done), he found I had some capacity for music, and soon, through his influence, I was one of the boys he taught so patiently and lovingly.

My father failed in his business soon after this, and left Oxford with my mother and little brother for a distant colony, willingly consenting to Martin's offer of adopting me as his own son, an offer generously made when he saw how it would half break my heart to leave him and give up my singing; so I lived on at the old gray house, a tranquil, peaceful life, loving my dear master more and more daily. We were quite companions, notwithstanding the difference in our age. I was too

feeble to join in the sports of my schoolfellows, and much preferred wandering about with him in the lovely college gardens, hearing all the many traditions of the time-worn buildings, reading to him the old books he loved and I learned to love too, and helping him to pet and play with his darling Jessie, a delicate pretty little child, whom he loved better than any thing on earth, for her young mother had died when she was born some four years past.

She was always fond of me, awkward boy though I was, and I, ever grateful for affection, was soon her willing slave;—it was not a hard bondage, for she was gentle and tender-hearted like her father, though full of life and gayety; dear little Jessie, how she used to flit along the cloisters to meet me when I came from school, her bright curly hair blown back from her smiling, innocent face, and her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure because “Stephen had come back to play with and take care of her!” What delicious rambles we had together by the river side; then, when she was tired, I would sit on the roots of one of the old willows pretending to read, but finding it impossible not to look at the little fairy figure, half hidden in the tall buttercups and grass, or not to listen to the eager, silvery voice, forever proclaiming some wonderful discovery of hidden flower or bright insect. Then going home in the twilight she would be half frightened under the arches of the long avenue of the elm-trees, though we both liked the mysterious light that came through their thick foliage, but when the wind sighed through the branches mournfully her little hand would clasp mine more tightly, and she ceased her innocent prattle for a time. Those were very happy days, and year after year went by all too quickly. I received a good education at the chorister’s school; I liked my studies, and they said I learned easily and remembered well. Master Flemming (as he bid us boys call him) had no ambition for himself, but often said he would like to see me a scholar of the college before he died, and I felt I must not any longer be dependent on his charity, so I toiled hard and was successful. I was elected scholar of M.E., and at the end of my undergraduate’s course, having obtained (to me) unexpected honors, I remained on at the old college as tutor and lecturer.

Jessie had grown up to womanhood now, though as childlike in her simplicity and trusting innocence as when I first knew her; she was very lovely, and her frailness and delicacy made her even more so. I used to fancy, as she hung about her father, cheering his age, and, alas, increasing infirmities, that she was like the delicate flowers that gave such brightness to the old gray mullioned windows

of the college; he always seemed younger when she was by him. I always loved her, and I cannot tell when the protecting love of an elder brother changed to the deep passionate love of the man for one infinitely better and purer than himself, but it had so changed. I never betrayed this by look or word, it was only in my most sanguine day-dreams that I hoped to win her so to love me in return; how could she, so young, so fair, dream of linking her fate to such as I was? it was bliss enough for the present to be with her daily, to know that she cared for and trusted in me. I would not for worlds disturb her innocent confidence in “Brother Stephen,” as she still called me, but I inwardly vowed that the one object of my life should be to guard her from sorrow, and, if possible, to keep her happy and peaceful as she was then—in my presumption and blindness forgetting that others might pluck my cherished flower from me.

My father had never returned to England; he had prospered greatly, and was a rich man now; his letters were always full of praises of my little brother Hugh,—his beauty, his wit, his popularity were a never-failing theme. I often longed to see the boy, whom I remembered a bold, imperious, yet winning little fellow—and now my wishes were to be gratified. Hugh was coming to England before finally settling in the colony, and meant to spend some time in Oxford, picking up what instruction he could in an irregular way there. This news caused great excitement in our quiet household. Martin Flemming insisted upon his becoming an inmate of his house, and when the time of his coming drew near Jessie was quite in a flutter of shy expectation. Her life had been so very quiet with two grave, studious men as her only companions, the arrival of an unknown guest was a great event to her. How lovely she looked as we sat watching for him that bright summer evening, in her simple white dress and blue ribbons, the corn-flowers (I had jestingly bid her wear because they matched the color of her eyes) placed in her sunny hair; how timidly she shrunk behind her father when Hugh came, and I went out first to greet and bring him in; and how prettily she forgot her shyness and came forward to welcome him as an old friend because he was my brother. I could hardly believe he was my brother, he was so unlike me in every way; he was tall and dark,—his face, which was bronzed by the sun and long voyage, would have been almost stern in its regularity had it not been for his bright, laughing eyes and ready smile; his manners were frank and winning; altogether there was a pleasant mixture about him of the careless lad and the man who has seen something of the world. We were all soon like old friends together, and in a few days Jessie’s

shyness had vanished, and she was her own gay simple self again. I could hardly believe I was only a few years older than Hugh. I never knew how little life and gayety there was about me till I compared myself with him. I was very proud of him, yet almost envious sometimes, his active bounding step, his manly strength, his very idle mirth and dislike to dry books had a charm about them, and he soon was a favorite with every one; from Master Flemming, who listened with the eager pleasure of a child to his description of far-off places and people, to the little bird Jessie had rescued from some cruel boys and brought home to nurse and pet, and who listened delighted to his cheery whistle. I perhaps was the only one who could see any fault in him, and I thought I discerned the old selfishness and imperiousness, though so pleasantly veiled where he chose to please, I did not wonder they remained undiscovered.

During the ensuing winter and early spring I saw very little of them. I was young and inexperienced in my various offices, and it was only by dint of hard work I could fill them as I thought worthily. It was very difficult to leave the pleasant little room, with the bright fire throwing a ruddy glow on the carved oak book-cases and cherished books,—Martin Flemming in his easy chair, Jessie seated on a low stool at his feet, his hand playing with her curls, while her little fingers busied themselves over some bit of work or let it drop idly to listen better to Hugh, whose tall figure looked taller in the fire-light as he leaned against the mantel-piece, amused with Jessie's eager attention to the adventures he told with such spirit, seeming quite content to pass his evenings in their quiet society, unheeding the numerous invitations of his young companions. I used to hear their merry singing voices as I sat poring over my books and papers in my little den up-stairs, or, harder to resist, Jessie's fresh young voice, singing the grand old music her father loved, or some simple ballad to please Hugh; then Martin would move to the instrument and play fragments of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart, linking altogether in an unbroken chain of harmony as he alone could do; and though I could not see them, I knew how Jessie and Hugh talked more quietly, or sat silent in the fire-light, subdued, not saddened by the thrilling chords and plaintive melodies, and the music was still a friend to me as it had been long ago, and is still, and now it spoke of budding hopes and happy dreams, till the bell in the old tower, tolling the rapidly passing hours, recalled me to my books and prosaic life again.

Spring was returning again, the tall elms were budding, the meadows daily growing greener, the ivy on the gray buildings put-

ting forth fresh sprouts. Master Flemming, had been ailing all the winter, and it grieved me that he did not improve with the spring. He had given up his post of organist; it was sometimes too much for him now to mount the steep stairs to the organ loft. It may have been fancy, but he never seemed to me the same afterwards; and now his strength gradually declined Jessie was not uneasy, she never doubted his perfect recovery, and often talked cheerfully of what he would do when he was quite well again. He never contradicted her, but he knew that he was failing, and would often speak to me in his simple trustful way of death and heaven; I think his heart had been there ever since the young wife he loved so well died; it was only when he talked of Jessie that he seemed unwilling to leave this world; he reproached himself bitterly for not having thought of providing for her; he never had saved; what he did not absolutely need he gave away, "and now my little one will be left a helpless orphan with none but you to care for her;" and as he said this bitter tears ran down the old man's cheek. I could not bear this, so I told him all I felt, and hoped, and feared, how my love for Jessie had strengthened with my strength and grown with my growth, till now it seemed a part of my nature, he was much moved; I believe he loved me more than any other human being has loved me since, and when I saw how relieved he was, I was glad to have spoken so openly. He promised me faithfully not to reveal one word of this to Jessie; he had never ceased to regard her as a little child, and thought it far better not to "startle her by such things yet awhile;" but he felt so sure all would be as I wished it—so perfectly sanguine of my success, I could not help being influenced by his words, and hoped more and feared less than I had hitherto done.

March and April glided away, the first of May had come. On that day the choristers of the college always assembled on the top of the chapel tower at day-break to sing certain anthems; it has been the custom for hundreds and hundreds of years, and I hope will be so for many years to come, for the effect is very touching and beautiful. Jessie and I had never missed going since the time we were children together,—and I was so proud to sing with the other boys. Master Flemming used to carry Jessie (then a tiny little thing) up the long, dark staircase, from which she was so glad to emerge on to the high tower, and whilst we sang she would stand by his side with that look of rapt happy thought one only sees in childish faces. Dear as she was to me then, and fair as I had thought her, she was still dearer now, and still more fair. She and Hugh stood together looking over the same book; her blue eyes were cast down,

their long lashes resting on her soft cheek, and an ineffable smile was on her slightly parted lips. I did not wonder at Hugh's undisguised look of admiration. She did not see it. She was evidently in some happy dreamland of her own, which harmonized with the soft yet joyful music.

It was a lovely morning, warmer and brighter than May days often are. I lingered after the singing was ended to feast my eyes on the view. The morning sun shone clear on the numerous spires and towers of the city, showing their exquisite proportions and tracery; the gardens, with their glorious trees and bright flowers, relieved the sombre gray of the colleges and halls, and the river flowed still and clear, fringed with its silver willows, through the low meadows gay with the fritellary and other early flowers; beyond lay green fields and woods, and the blue hills in the far distance. I thought I had never seen it look so beautiful before, it has never looked so beautiful since to me. A shadow fell on my life that day which has never quite passed away.

I had gone behind one of the buttresses to see better some point of view, when I was startled by hearing voices near me, for I thought I had been left alone there. I listened, idly at first, but soon with only too intense an interest—it was Hugh who spoke, and he was telling of fervent love, utter devotion, pleading earnestly and eloquently,—and, oh misery! it was Jessie's voice that answered him. I could not hear the broken words at first, but soon, too soon, she confessed that she returned his love. Why did I not die at that moment? words are faint to express what I felt—grief, shame, anger, were all there. I could not move, I could not speak, I could not listen, I could only feel that the hope of my life was gone, my Jessie lost to me forever. I had been so utterly blind and presumptuous, a poor dreaming fool—and yet, he could not love her as I loved her, and then came burning indignation against Hugh; why was he ever to thwart and triumph over me? what had I done that I was not to be blessed as other men were? was a mere idle boy indeed more worthy of her than I who had worked and waited so many years? They had long gone down together, the sky had overcast, and the rain and wind were beating against the tower, but I stood there brooding over my wrongs and misery, till the bell began to ring for morning prayers. Even then habit prevailed, and I went down mechanically through the cloisters, and into my place in the chapel. I felt as though I were in a hateful dream, but knew that from this dream there would be no waking, and my heart was full of dark, evil

thoughts, but soon the organ began a low plaintive voluntary. I tried to harden myself against its influence, but it softened me even against my will, seeming to my excited fancy as if an angel pleaded with me; and as the touching strain continued, my anger vanished, my shame lessened, my heart was melted, and I could pray for help, for strength, for comfort—pray as we only can pray when our heart's idols are breaking, what we have clung to escaping our grasp, and we feel our utter inability to stand alone. At last tears relieved me, and I rose up, strengthened if not comforted. It was her happiness I had always desired; should I repine because hers was not mine too? I could bear all if Hugh proved worthy, and I would not doubt him; his love for her would make him so, and purify him from his faults; but for me! O God, how should I bear the long blank life from which it seemed to me then all the sunshine had fled for ever?

I went to my usual duties that morning, doing all mechanically, seeing through every thing the fair downcast face, hearing the broken voice murmur to another words I had madly dreamed of hearing spoken to myself. I went home at night so sad and weary; it was hard to bear Hugh's radiant gladness, and almost relief that Jessie looked pale and tearful, and two pre-occupied to notice any change there might be in my looks or manner. She was with her father most of the evening; he was worse than usual, and had kept his room for some days. I saw she had not told him any thing, for he talked cheerfully of indifferent subjects, and he never could keep any thing from me; dear guileless Martin Flemming, he never could dissemble or imagine that others could; in innocence, and faith, and charity, his heart was like a little child's.

I could not sleep much that first miserable night, wretched dreams and waking thoughts haunted me. I rose early and went into the little garden Jessie tended so carefully. It was a lovely morning, the sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers I so lately delighted in oppressed me with their gay colors, every thing was in such contrast to myself. I was sitting listlessly on the rude stone bench I had put up there in happier days, when light footsteps startled me, and Jessie seated herself on the grass at my feet; she put up her hand in mine as she always used to do in childish days, she was too shy to look in my face with the old wistful glance, as she said, "Stephen, dear, I want you to help me and tell me what I ought to do." I knew what she would ask me; I had seen in her anxious gaze at her father and then at Hugh the night before how divided she was in her great

love to them both. For a moment I felt as if I could not answer her calmly, but her cold hand trembled so in mine, her half-hidden face was so agitated, I soon thought only of soothing and helping her, as I had always done in her little troubles. I told her (God heard the anguished prayer I offered up for help and courage, or I never could have done it) "that I knew what she would tell me, that she and Hugh loved one another, but that she could not bear to leave her old father, even to go with him, could hardly bear telling him she had thought of it,"—the fast-falling tears and silent pressure of my hand told me I had guessed right—"but that she must not blame herself for loving Hugh as she did; it was no sin;" here Jessie raised her eyes to mine with a glance of happy pride through her tears, and said, "did I not wonder Hugh could care for such a childish little thing as she was? I was very clever to guess it all so well; she thought I never understood such things, and now I would make every thing straight and easy, as I always did." O Jessie, how your gentle heart would have grieved had you known the pain your innocent words gave me. We talked long together, she told me Hugh was sure his father would gladly consent to his bringing out an English wife, but that he never would be induced to let him settle in England, indeed he had no means to make it possible; my heart sank as I thought of Jessie in a strange land among utter strangers, but she had no misgivings for herself. Hugh was every thing to her, but how should she leave her father? I foresaw a speedy answer to this question, but I had not the heart to tell her how fast I thought Master Flemming was sinking. I knew that grieving for me would sadden his remaining days, if he knew how things stood, so I advised Jessie not to speak, or let Hugh speak to him, till my father answered the letter Hugh had written, asking for his consent to their marriage; letters were answered but slowly in those days, "and by that time—" Jessie interrupted me to say, cheerfully—"he may be so much better, there will be no fear of agitating him,"—and she, childlike, wiped her tears away, and sprinkled her cheeks with water from the quaint old fountain, that Hugh might not find her "looking pale and ugly," and then flitted like a butterfly amongst her flowers, gathering a nosegay for her father's room. She told me before I left her, that "I had made her happier, as I always did when I talked to her," and it lightened my heavy heart to find that I could still do so, and made it more easy for me to shake hands with Hugh, whom I met coming in at the garden gate, and wish him joy. I sometimes think

he must have partly guessed my feelings, he was so confused, and muttered something about my great kindness, and he always avoided being alone with me, and was silent and reserved if we were. He had never liked me, and I could not wonder at it; I had none of the qualities he most prized, and felt it natural enough that he was often ashamed of his shy, awkward, bookworm of a brother.

I studied harder than ever; I was writing a book, interesting only to scholars, more to force my thoughts from myself and to please Martin Flemming than from any hope of fame or reward. He had somewhat revived lately, and could sometimes sit for hours in the sunny little garden, where he could hear, though faintly, the organ and choristers. He hardly seemed to care for any thing now but music and his old books, chief amongst them the Bible and Milton. He had unloosened his soul from earthly cares, and would talk of another life as if he had already partly entered into its peace and joy. We were sitting together in the garden one bright Sunday morning, it was a very calm day, and the music in the chapel floated to us more distinctly than I had ever heard it before. Martin's eye glistened as he sat listening; when it ceased, he told me one of the voices had sounded like his dear young wife's. "How I have pined to hear that sweet voice again, and it is one of my blessed thoughts that I shall soon hear it in heaven, never to have it taken from me. I am glad the Bible says so much about music, it seems to make it right to love it so dearly and feel it a holy thing. She made me promise before she died that I would never neglect it in my grief for her, but always love it for her sake, she knew how it would comfort me."

The organ began again, and he sat up to listen even more eagerly than before, when quite suddenly he fell back fainting,—I was much alarmed, but he soon partially recovered and begged to be taken into the house. He was much better when Jessie and Hugh came in, but we all saw that a change had come over him, and felt what it meant. He was quite conscious, but did not speak, except a few soothing words to Jessie, who sat by his bed, pressing her soft cheek on his withered hand, almost stunned, poor child, by the suddenness of the blow, for she knew now he was dying. Towards the evening he wandered a little, and when the chapel bell rung, begged to be allowed to go and play the organ, but a few words soon recalled him to himself, and he smiled joyfully, saying "he would hear music no more till he heard the heavenly choir, and his wife's voice singing amongst the angels." He then lay quite still

and we thought he slept, for the bright smile was still on his face, but it was sleep from which he woke no more in this world, his guileless spirit passed away to heaven that calm, starry night.

I will not dwell on the mournful days that followed; it was Jessie's first real sorrow, and her grief was terrible for a time, — God forgive me that even then it made mine so much more unbearable that it was Hugh who comforted her, Hugh who first won a smile by talking of brighter days to come, of a love stronger, deeper than that of a father's, and her cheek became less pale, and her tears flowed more quietly as she listened.

How, at that time, I envied my dear master's quiet rest in the grave! he needed me no more, there was no one left to miss me if I died — the only one who had ever really prized my love was gone, and my life seemed darker than ever.

The days went by, Jessie's step was regaining its lightness and her voice its gay tone. It vexed me to see that, after a little, Hugh grew impatient of her grief, and hardly concealed that he was so, and she, woman-like, would meekly conceal all traces of it when he was by, trying to be just as she was when she first won his love. It sometimes frightened me to see the intensity of her utter devotion to him; he loved her, too, but there was the old imperiousness in his very love. His father's willing consent to his marriage came all too soon, and Hugh's impatience was not to be withstood. A ship was soon going out, they were to be married immediately, and sail in her. The letter was kind, and, for Hugh's sake, if not for her own, I trusted they would receive his wife lovingly. As the time drew near, Jessie needed all my powers of sympathy and consolation to sooth her mingled hopes and fears; and I would not fail her when she needed me, though none can tell what agony was in my heart to part with her, my little, tender, gentle Jessie, to part with her, too, probably for ever! it seemed more than I could bear. It was well the last days were hurried; had that wretched time lasted longer I should have broken down altogether; as it was, I went through it all calm, unflinching, even that most miserable day of all which made her Hugh's wife, and on which he bore her away from me forever. How she wept when we parted, and sobbed out that no one could ever be so patient and good to her as I had been, and that she would never, never forget me; and though he spoke to her gently, I saw the dark shade on Hugh's face as he led her away; her pale childlike face turned towards me, her loving eyes uplifted to mine, but even before she passed the door she tried to

smile up in Hugh's face, and bid him "not think she repented going anywhere, leaving any thing, with him."

I never saw her again, and never may in this world, but her every look and tone still dwells in my memory, never to be effaced from it, till I see her again in heaven.

I had a long illness after this, the exertions I had made were more than my weak frame could bear. I hoped and prayed that I might die, but God in His mercy spared me, to learn resignation and submission to His will, and in the long days and nights of pain and weary loneliness that followed, I trust I learned to submit my will to His, and know and love Him as my friend.

I recovered, though slowly. I had to leave the familiar house where all my happiest days were spent, for my rooms in the College; my books were still with me, and, after a time I found interest in them and in my duties, and every day my past life became more like a dream, and my sorrow less acute.

In due time a letter came from Jessie; what a strange thrill the writing gave me, and I thought of the time when I taught her little hand to trace the letters, and her merry laugh when her curls would fall on the paper and blot out the strange misshapen characters. It was a very happy letter, full of Hugh's virtues and kindness, "and how popular he was, and how proud she felt to be his wife, and how unworthy;" and there were affectionate words for me, too, and promises never to forget my brotherly love and counsels, all written in her simple, childlike, loving way. I was happier for a time after that letter, and those that followed for some months, but after that, it seemed to me there was a tinge of sadness in them, deepening more and more. "She was not so strong as she had been, and Hugh was often away, and when he was at home she was much alone, because she was not able to be as gay as he was, and he would grow dull staying in alone with only her;" — then there was a long pause, and I heard nothing, and when a letter did come in the dear hand, it was so unsteady and different from the usual clear writing, I hardly recognized it. "She had been very ill, and Hugh would not let her write letters, because, he said, it tired her; he did not know how she liked to write to me, and think and talk of the dear old home, or he would not have prevented her; she did so long to see it again, and thought she might yet get strong again if Hugh could spare time and money to bring her back there for a little, but this he could not do, and he said she was getting quite well again, but she did not think so herself." Then she went on to say "she feared she had not prized her old peaceful happy home, and the

tenderness and care she had ever met there, as she ought to have done, and prayed me to forgive her seeming ingratitude; she understood better now how precious and rare such constant loving care was." Poor Jessie, her artless words showed but too plainly that the sorrows and trials which I would gladly have given my life to save her from had come upon her—perhaps, to be borne only for a short time; and when I thought what misery every neglect or unkindness would be to her gentle, clinging heart, I almost hoped it might be so; but oh! as I sat by my lonely fireside, and pondered over what was and what might have been, it seemed hard that my cherished flower had been taken from me to droop and wither in a strange land; what would I give to be near her, to help and comfort as of old,—but God's ways are not as our ways, and He was preparing joy and love for her such as I could not give, for it was the perfect joy and perfect love we may only find in heaven. I watched and waited wearily through that long, dark winter for tidings from C—, but my heart misgave me when the wished-for letter came, for it was from Hugh. I knew what he had to tell me before I read, for as I hastily opened the letter a tress of golden hair dropped at my feet. What fond memories turned round that sunny curl,—the little laughing child running to meet me, her hair streaming in the wind—the fair girl resting her head on her father's knee, his hand fondly parting the drooping curls—the sad weeping orphan, her hair hanging disordered over her black dress—the proud young wife, smilingly bidding her husband notice how "she had put away all her long locks under her bonnet, because it made her look less like a child"—all her winning looks and ways came back upon me. Jessie, my own cherished darling, was this to be the end of all? Bitter tears dropped on the precious lock of hair, and for a time I could find no comfort.

Poor Hugh! if his affection for her had

ever grown less, her death had revived it; his letter was written in great grief, and bitter self-reproach that he had never seen how ill she was, and had so often left her lonely,—he dwelt on her meek patience through all her sufferings, and gentleness to all. She spoke of me nearly at the last, and bid them send me a lock of her hair, with her dear love. She seemed quite happy and peaceful from the time they told her that she must die, only anxious to comfort Hugh, and delighting in his tender cares for her, though they came too late to save.—he said he felt now how utterly unworthy he had proved himself of the treasure that had been given to his keeping, and that he felt I never could forgive him.

When my sorrow had grown more calm, I wrote to him such words of comfort and brotherly sympathy as I thought he would like best, but the answer (which was long of coming) was constrained and short, the repentant mood had evidently left him, and I fear his misfortune only left him a colder, harder man. I did not often hear of him after this; he married again, and has grown-up sons and daughters, all strangers to me.

Since that mournful winter my life has glided by calmly and uneventfully, and it has not been unhappy. All the sadness has faded from the old memories, and they have made many a solitary hour seem not lonely. I have always remained poor and weak, but I have been enabled to be of use to those poorer than myself, freely giving the instruction they could not afford to pay for, and the gratitude (if not the affection) of many has cheered my path. I am old and failing now, and may humbly hope that soon this worn-out frame will rest under the stones of the cloister, where in life I so often lingered,—and my spirit join those I loved so deeply and lost so long ago, in that bright world where parting and sorrow are unknown.

"SHAGREEN,"—In a letter, dated 19th Nov. 1728, is the following sentence:—

"Bought eighteen yards of very pretty white silk, something in the nature of *Shagreen*, but a better color than they ever are; it cost sixpence a yard more—the piece came to three pounds twelve shillings."

Can you give any information as to this species of silk (or whatever material it was), here called by the name of "shagreen?"

E. W.

[The term "shagreen" when applied to silk and not to the prepared skin of fish or beasts, was a kind of taffeta, and is an Anglicized form of the French *chagrin*, which is also used to signify a sort of silk, as well as prepared skin. Referring to silk, shagreen does not appear to indicate color, or strictly speaking quality; but rather intimates the grained or pimpled fabric of the silk, resembling the sort of skin or leather which was called shagreen, and formerly much more used than at present.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Examiner.

Travels in Peru and Mexico. By S. S. Hill. Longmans.

THE sensible author of some interesting "Travels in Siberia," having passed from the Society Islands to Valparaiso, begins at the port of Valparaiso his new narrative. Having described Valparaiso briefly, he journeys with his reader to the capital of Chili, and while there not only tells what he saw and heard at Santiago, but prefaces his information with a brief sketch of the history and present state of the republic of Chili. Returning then to Valparaiso, Mr. Hill embarks for Islay on an English steamer, and touches, upon the way, at sundry ports, which he describes as he proceeds. Islay is the proper port of Arequipa, the city founded by Pizarro, second only to Lima in importance among towns of Peru. The way through desert and defile to Arequipa having been described, a couple of chapters are devoted to the town itself, in which the traveller resided for a month. In company with two gentlemen of Arequipa, Mr. Hill visited the mineral baths of Yura before, having become sufficiently accustomed to the air of the high regions, he proceeded towards Cuzco. The necessity for becoming acclimatized to the mountain air of the Andes is thus expressed:

"If the traveller happen to be of a plethoric habit of body, the disease is likely to be most severe. It is then commonly attended with vertigo, dimness of sight, difficulty of hearing, and often a flow of blood from the eyes and the nose, and sometimes even from the lips, and violent pains in the head, and vomiting. But with travellers of a spare habit of body and not very strong, it is more likely to cause fainting fits accompanied with spitting of blood. With persons, however, in good health, the symptoms are rarely more than vomiting; and more frequently they are confined to weariness and difficult respiration such as I have mentioned both my companions and myself experienced.

"As it has been observed that the disease is more prevalent in the districts where the metals most abound, there is an impression among the inhabitants, that it arises from, or is greatly exaggerated by the metallic exhalations which are supposed to fill the atmosphere of these regions. This has doubtless, however, arisen from the disease prevailing most among those who come in search of metals, which may be accounted for by the fact that they are generally persons unaccustomed to the atmosphere of the mountains, and the most exposed of any to fatigue. There can be little doubt, indeed, of its proceeding in every form in which it appears, entirely from the diminished pressure of the atmosphere, the effects of which every one experiences in one way or another upon attaining any considerable elevation.

"These effects of the rarefied atmosphere are not confined to the human species. They are,

indeed equally, and in some instances even more felt by the lower animals of the creation than by ourselves. The horses and mules of the plains cannot for some time travel the same distances in the mountains in a given time, as they can in the plains, nor bear the same burdens in the sierra which they are accustomed to bear in their own climes. When, however, they are brought from the lower country to the higher, and have great care taken of them, they generally, after a few months, become tolerably acclimatized, and perform nearly the same labor as those bred in the elevated regions.

"If it should cause surprise that these effects of the rarefied air are so much more remarkable here than any experienced in Europe, it must be remembered that during the journey which I am about to narrate, we have to pass over heights, four or five thousand feet above the peak of Mont Blanc, and that too in the torrid zone. One indeed of the cities we shall by and by visit, is situated at about the same height as the summit of that mountain."

Cuzco, the capital of the mountain region of Peru, is itself eleven or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Mr. Hill's account of this place is prefaced by a very good summary of what is known of the civilization of the subjects of the Incas, who held in that city despotic rule as representatives of deity. Mr. Hill endorses an opinion common in Peru that the rule in their own land will eventually be regained by the descendants of the old Peruvians, who are increasing in number and intelligence, while the white and creole population is diminishing in number, and for many generations has not increased in intelligence or industry. From Cuzco visits were paid to the vale of Vilcamayu and the other remarkable places in its neighborhood before travelling onward in the Andes to Puno, an important city near the banks of the lake Titicaca. At Puno as at Arequipa and Cuzco there is no hotel, and the traveller being in this place without letters of introduction established himself of nights on the bare ground in the unfurnished cell of a caravansary, occupied by mules and arrieros. Here the author heard accounts of the strange uncaught beast in whom Peruvians believe.

"We have had on this side the Atlantic, our unicorns, no clear evidence of the existence of which I believe come down to our time. In Peru, it is commonly believed, that there exists an animal in the forests, of one of the mammillary species, which no one for centuries has been able to capture.

"According to the accounts given by the Indians of this animal, it seems to have been known in the country long before the arrival of the Europeans, and had, at some remote time, been taken and examined. Whether these accounts, however, are the sole source of the impression concerning it is not very well known.

"It is said, however, in Puno, that there are several men in the town who have actually seen this animal, and are able to bear witness to what has been said concerning it, notwithstanding the conviction of others, that the accounts given of it far surpass the bounds of credibility. It is said, by those who give the most clear and consistent account, that it is about the size of the fox, that it only prowls by night, and that as it is generally supposed to be venomous no one is induced to take much pains to capture it. Moreover it is said that it has a brilliant light on its forehead which it is able to show or conceal at pleasure, and thus those who have followed it have been bewildered, and lost all trace of their prey as soon as they entered the wood into which it retreats. But the impression which seems to have taken the deepest root in the minds of the people is, that the light which the animal is said to show proceeds from some precious jewel; and it is even related that the early Spanish settlers had so much faith in the existence and character of this animal,

"Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet this precious jewel in its head,"

that the earlier viceroys were accustomed to instruct the missionaries who settled among the Indians to take every means in their power to procure one, if possible alive."

After four days in Puno, Mr. Hill returned by a new route to Arequipa, and at Islay took packet for Callao, the port of Lima. To the Peruvian capital seven chapters are devoted, and in the middle of his second

volume we are embarking again with him from Callao for Panama. Then, having seen the isthmus, we take steamer from Chagres and touching at Carthagena upon the voyage to Port Royal. Two sensible chapters on Jamaica are then followed by a chapter on Havanna, whither Mr. Hill sailed next; and from Havanna we pass in the next chapter to Vera Cruz, the great seaport of Mexico. The road journey to the city of Mexico is then detailed, and having explored that city and its neighborhood, not omitting a visit to the silver mines of Real del Monte, we pass rapidly back to Vera Cruz and Havanna, whence we get in a page to Cadiz, in three paragraphs over a summer tour through Spain and Portugal, and in three lines over France and a wintering in Italy before Mr. Hill's return to London, after a grand tour completely round the world.

Mr. Hill's record of his travels through Peru and Mexico are like the previous volumes which this journey has yielded, direct, sensible, and informing. He never writes for effect, has no ambition to be smart, but has evidently taken pains to see and hear fairly, and to relate frankly whatever he could find worth telling to his countrymen. In no part of the world, he says, has he been robbed with violence, and he has found that men all the world over are, on the whole, of a neighborly temper, and the better for communication with each other.

SEARCHER.—When and how did this office originate; when was it abolished, what were the duties, fees, and emoluments of its incumbent?
F. R. S. S. A.

[These officers seem to have been first appointed during the ravages of the plague in the reign of James I. They are also recognized in the "Directions of Physicians for the Plague set forth in His Majesty's Command, 1665," in which instructions are given them for the discovery of that disease. In the Preface to the Collection of Bills of Mortality from 1657 to 1759, it is said that every parish appoints a Searcher; and in John Graunt's *Natural and Political Observations made upon the Bills of Mortality*, 4to. 1662, p. 11., we are informed that "when any one dies, then, either by toiling or ringing a bell, or by bespeaking of a grave of the sexton, the same is known to the searchers, corresponding with the said sexton. The search-

ers hereupon (who are ancient matrons sworn to their office) repair to the place where the dead corpse lies, and by view of the same, and by other inquiries, they examine by what disease or casualty the corpse died. Hereupon they made their report to the parish clerk, and he, every Tuesday night, carries in an account of all the burials and christenings happening that week to the clerk of the hall. On Wednesday the general account is made up and printed, and on Thursdays published at the rate of 4s. per annum for them." The appointment of searcher usually fell upon old women, and sometimes on those who were notorious for their habits of drinking. The fee which these official characters demanded was one shilling; but in some cases two proceeded to the inspection, when the family was defrauded of an additional shilling. The office was abolished by the Registration Act, 6 & 7 Will. IV. c. 86, which came into operation July 1, 1837.]—*Notes and Queries*.

[From the new, uniform, handsome edition of Hawthorne's works lately published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston,—we copy the most admirable satire we know of.

THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

NOR a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous City of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town and the Celestial city. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning after paying my bill at the hotel and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle and set out for the station house. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics, as with those of the City of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being moreover a director of the railroad corporation and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

Our coach rattled out of the city, and at a short distance from its outskirts passed over a bridge of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight, as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable either to sight or smell, had all the kennels of the earth emptied their pollution there.

"This," remarked Mr. Smooth-it-away, "is the famous Slough of Despond—a disgrace to all the neighborhood; and the greater, that it might so easily be converted into firm ground."

"I have understood," said I, "that efforts have been made for that purpose from time immemorial. Bunyan mentions that above twenty thousand cartloads of wholesome instructions had been thrown in here without effect."

"Very probably! And what effect could be anticipated from such unsubstantial stuff?" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away. "You observe this convenient bridge. We obtained a sufficient foundation for it by throwing into the slough some editions of books of morality; volumes of French philosophy and German rationalism; tracts, sermons, and essays of modern clergymen; extracts from Plato, Confucius, and various Hindoo sages, together with a few ingenious commentaries upon texts of Scripture,—all of which, by

some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with similar matter."

It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated and heaved up and down in a very formidable manner; and, spite of Mr. Smooth-it-away's testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loath to cross it in a crowded omnibus, especially if each passenger were encumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless we got over without accident, and soon found ourselves at the station house. This very neat and spacious edifice is erected on the site of the little wicket gate, which formerly, as all old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and, by its inconvenient narrowness, was a great obstruction to the traveller of liberal mind and expansive stomach. The reader of John Bunyan will be glad to know that Christian's old friend Evangelist, who was accustomed to supply each pilgrim with a mystic roll, now presides at the ticket office. Some malicious persons it is true deny the identity of this reputable character with the Evangelist of old times, and even pretend to bring competent evidence of an imposture. Without involving myself in a dispute I shall merely observe that, so far as my experience goes, the square pieces of pasteboard now delivered to passengers are much more convenient and useful along the road than the antique roll of parchment. Whether they will be as readily received at the gate of the Celestial City I decline giving an opinion.

A large number of passengers were already at the station house awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanor of these persons it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favorable change in reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see it. Instead of a lonely and ragged man, with a huge burden on his back, plodding along sorrowfully on foot while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighborhood setting forth towards the Celestial City as cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence—magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose example religion could not but be greatly recommended to their meaner brethren. In the ladies' department, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of those flowers of fashionable society who are so well fitted to adorn the most elevated circles of the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business, and politics, or the lighter mat-

ters of amusement; while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the background. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders as had been the custom of old, were snugly deposited in the baggage car, and, as I was assured, would be delivered to their respective owners at the journey's end. Another thing, likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to understand. It may be remembered that there was an ancient feud between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the wicket gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to shoot deadly arrows at honest pilgrims while knocking at the door. This dispute, much to the credit as well of the illustrious potentate above mentioned as of the worthy and enlightened directors of the railroad, has been pacifically arranged on the principle of mutual compromise. The prince's subjects are now pretty numerously employed about the station house, some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations; and I can conscientiously affirm that persons more attentive to their business, more willing to accommodate, or more generally agreeable to the passengers, are not to be found on any railroad. Every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"Where is Mr. Greatheart?" inquired I. "Beyond a doubt the directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor on the railroad?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a dry cough. "He was offered the situation of brakeman; but, to tell you the truth, our friend Greatheart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road on foot that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beelzebub that he would have been perpetually at blows or ill language with some of the prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. On the whole, we were not sorry when honest Greatheart went off to the Celestial City in a huff and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the engineer of the train. You will probably recognize him at once."

The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical

demon that would hurry us to the infernal regions than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which, not to startle the reader, appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" cried I. "What on earth is this! A living creature? If so, he is own brother to the engine he rides upon!"

"Poh, poh, poh, you are obtuse!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a hearty laugh. "Don't you know Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the Valley of Humiliation? He was the very fellow to manage the engine; and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief engineer."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm; "this shows the liberality of the age; this proves, if any thing can, that all musty prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old antagonist! I promise myself great pleasure in informing him of it when we reach the Celestial City."

The passengers being all comfortably seated, we now rattle away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trudged over in a day. It was laughable, while we glanced along, as it were, at the tail of a thunderbolt, to observe two dusty foot travellers in the old pilgrim guise, with cockle shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands and their intolerable burdens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway rather than take advantage of modern improvements, excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter; whereupon they gazed at us with such woful and absurdly compassionate visages that our merriment grew tenfold more obstreperous. Apollyon also entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to flirt the smoke and flame of the engine, or of his own breath, into their faces, and envelop them in an atmosphere of scalding steam. These little practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

At some distance from the railroad Mr. Smooth-it-away pointed to a large, antique edifice, which, he observed, was a tavern of long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping-place for pilgrims. In Bunyan's

road book it is mentioned as the Interpreter's House.

"I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion," remarked I.

"It is not one of our stations, as you perceive," said my companion. "The keeper was violently opposed to the railroad; and well he might be, as the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the footpath still passes his door; and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some simple traveller, and entertains him with fare as old fashioned as himself."

Before our talk on this subject came to a conclusion we were rushing by the place where Christian's burden fell from his shoulders at the sight of the Cross. This served as a theme for Mr. Smooth-it-away, Mr. Live-for-the-world, Mr. Hide-sin-in-the-heart, Mr. Sealy-conscience, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-repentance, to descant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of our baggage. Myself, and all the passengers indeed, joined with great unanimity in this view of the matter; for our burdens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world; and, especially, we each of us possessed a great variety of favorite habits, which we trusted would not be out of fashion in the polite circles of the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre. Thus pleasantly conversing on the favorable circumstances of our position as compared with those of past pilgrims and of narrow minded ones of the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill Difficulty. Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and a spacious double track; so that, unless the earth and rocks should chance to tumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of the builder's skill and enterprise. It is a great though incidental advantage that the materials from the heart of the Hill Difficulty have been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation, thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

"This is a wonderful improvement, indeed," said I. "Yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the Palace Beautiful and be introduced to the charming young ladies—Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity, and the rest—who have the kindness to entertain pilgrims there."

"Young ladies!" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away, as soon as he could speak for laugh-

ing. "And charming young ladies! Why! my dear fellow, they are old maids, every soul of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular; and not one of them, I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown since the days of Christian's pilgrimage."

"Ah, well," said I, much comforted, "then I can very readily dispense with their acquaintance."

The respectable Apollyon was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious, perhaps, to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road book, I perceived that we must now be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, into which doleful region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desirable. In truth, I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side or the quag on the other; but on communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-away, he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in the worst condition, had been vastly exaggerated, and that, in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in Christendom.

Even while we were speaking the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded Valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it was unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose, the inflammable gas which exudes plentifully from the soil is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests forever upon the valley—a radiance hurtful, however, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; if the reader has ever travelled through the dark Valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get—if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides

of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the Valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track, —a catastrophe, it is whispered, by no means unprecedented,—the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this nature had made my heart quake there came a tremendous shriek, careering along the valley as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it, but which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine on arriving at a stopping place.

The spot where we had now paused is the same that our friend Bunyan—a truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions—has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake, inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half-extinct volcano, in which the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence, also, is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern mouth, whence ever and anon darted huge tongues of dusky flame, and had seen the strange, half-shaped monsters, and visions of faces horribly grotesque, into which the smoke seemed to wreathe itself, and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming themselves into words almost articulate, would have seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation as greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unlovely personages, dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with misshapen feet, and a glow of dusky redness in their eyes as if their hearts had caught fire and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity that the laborers at the forge and those who brought fuel to the engine, when they began to draw short breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several who, to my certain knowledge, had heretofore set forth by railroad for the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild, and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants, like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to ill-natured gibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a settled contor-

tion of their visages. Having been on speaking terms with one of these persons,—an indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, who went by the name of Take-it-easy,—I called him, and inquired what was his business there.

"Did you not start," said I, "for the Celestial City?"

"That's a fact," said Mr. Take-it-easy, carelessly puffing some smoke into my eyes. "But I heard such bad accounts that I never took pains to climb the hill on which the city stands. No business doing, no fun going on, nothing to drink, and no smoking allowed, and a thrumming of church music from morning till night. I would not stay in such a place if they offered me house-room and living free."

"But, my good Mr. Take-it-easy," cried I, "why take up your residence here, of all places in the world?"

"Oh," said the loafer, with a grin, "it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again some day soon. A pleasant journey to you."

While he was speaking the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away, after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward though the Valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas lamps, as before. But sometimes, in the dark of intense brightness, grim faces, that bore the aspect and expression of individual sins, or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination—nothing more, certainly—mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of; but all through the Dark Valley I was tormented, and pestered, and dolefully bewildered with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it I could wellnigh have taken my oath that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

At the end of the valley, as John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern, where in his days, dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strown the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there; but into their deserted cave another

terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travelers and fatten them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes, and sawdust. He is a German by birth, and is called Giant Transcendentalist; but as to his form, his features, his substance, and his nature generally, it is the chief peculiarity of this huge miscreant that neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe them. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking somewhat like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted.

It was late in the day when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay, and fascinating beneath the sun. As I purposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn that there is no longer the want of harmony between the town's people and pilgrims, which impelled the former to such lamentably mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new railroad brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and the capitalists of the city are among the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the Fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place that people often affirm it to be the true and only heaven; stoutly contending that there is no other, that those who seek further are mere dreamers, and that, if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the gates of Vanity, they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to these perhaps exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable, and my intercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if we have had no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honorable estimation; for the maxims

of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep, the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-truth, that fine old clerical character the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment, the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit, and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine. The labors of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity, in all subjects of human or celestial science, that any man may acquire an omnigenous erudition without the trouble of even learning to read. Thus literature is etherealized by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge, depositing all its heavier particles, except, doubtless, its gold, becomes exhaled into a sound, which forthwith steals into the ever-open ear of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery, by which thought and study are done to every person's hand without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes, with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock, and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made plain to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life; princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists,—all making their own market at the fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the

rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced as to be utterly worthless. In one shop there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people pressed eagerly to buy; some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives, others by a toilsome servitude of years, and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost any thing. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, and a man's business was seldom very lucrative unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of conscience into the market. Yet, as this stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a questionable character. Occasionally a member of Congress recruited his pocket by the sale of his constituents: and I was assured that public officers have often sold their country at very moderate prices. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell any thing valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair; and there were innumerable messes of potage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birthrights. A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig; if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair. Prince Beelzebub himself took great interest in this sort of traffic, and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters. I once had the pleasure to see him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which, after much ingenious skirmishing on both sides, his highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence. The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was a loser by the transaction.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants.

The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam into their faces at the commencement of our journey. There they stood, amidst the densest bustle of Vanity; the dealers offering them their purple and fine linen and jewels, the men of wit and humor gibing at them, a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance, while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly erected temple; but there were these worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures.

One of them—his name was Stick-to-the-right—perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

"Sir," inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, "do you call yourself a pilgrim?"

"Yes," I replied, "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad.

"Alas, friend," rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your lifetime, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair. Yea, though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the blessed city, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Foot-it-to-heaven, "has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and, unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore every man who buys a ticket must lay his account with losing the purchase money, which is the value of his own soul."

"Poh, nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, "these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window."

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a perma-

nent residence in the city of Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still, I grew anxious to be gone. There was one strange thing that troubled me. Amid the occupations or amusements of the Fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth and honors, or whatever he might be doing, and however unseasonable the interruption—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents that they went on with their business as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity we passed the ancient silver mine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have long since carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of mossgrown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity, with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubted giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-away; "but since his death Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and keeps an excellent house of entertainment here. It is one of our stopping-places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the frail yet ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, "for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where in former ages the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tombstones had been thrust across the track by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt.

Far up the rugged side of a mountain I perceived a rusty iron-door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill-side which the shepherds assured Christian was a byway to hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a smile. "It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton hams."

My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at the journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final station house by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and woe, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. Throughout our journey, at every stopping-place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam engine; but in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms forever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived, on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river, to welcome two

poor pilgrims, who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts, and gibes, and scalding steam, at the commencement of our journey—the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience amid the wild revellers of Vanity Fair.

"How amazingly well those men have got on," cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away. "I wish we were secure of as good a reception."

"Never fear, never fear!" answered my friend. "Come, make haste; the ferry boat will be off directly, and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

A steam ferry boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some bawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steersman; and some still dizzy with the slumberous influ-

ences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell.

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City?" exclaimed I.

"Oh, no!" answered he with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley. "Oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good by! We shall meet again."

And then did my excellent friend Mr. Smooth-it-away laugh outright, in the midst of which cachinnation a smoke-wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkle of lurid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his breast. I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore; but the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heartquake I awoke. Thank heaven it was a Dream!

MR. BRONTE, the father of the Bronte Sisters, whose remarkable lives were made known to the world through Mr. Gaskell's biography of the author of *Jane Eyre*, has at last yielded to his increasing infirmities, and preached his last sermon at Haworth Church, (where Charlotte Bronte lies buried), on the 21st ultimo. He will be succeeded by his assistant minister, Rev. M. Nicholl, the husband of Charlotte Bronte, and will himself live in repose from active duty among the people whose pastor he has been for so many years.

This old minister was a very effective, if not a brilliant, pulpit orator. We heard him in his church at Haworth some two years ago, and the picture he presented was curious and striking. He wore a huge white cravat, completely burying his chin as well as his neck, and absolutely hiding the lower part of his face. In the old pulpit, stuck up against the side wall of the church, only the top of his head was visible when he was seated. His text was taken from various passages in the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which he read from a pocket-bible, explaining them as he proceeded. His paraphrases of the scriptural verses were couched in the most beau-

tiful language, and, of course, wholly extemporaneous. A more affectingly beautiful sermon it would be difficult to hear, and the fact of the then recent afflictions to which Mr. Bronte had been subjected, in the loss of his last and most celebrated daughter, gave a peculiar effect to the words on which he particularly dwelt: "And I said my strength and my hope is perished from the Lord; remembering mine afflictions and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. This I recall to mind; therefore have I hope, for it is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."—*New York Evening Post*.

We understand that Miss Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World," has recently bought Warner's Island, where her family now reside, for \$11,000. This purchase is one of the fruits of her remarkably successful literary career. Warner's Island lies in the middle of the Hudson, between West Point and Cold Spring, and is one of the most attractive features of that incomparable river. Henceforth it will share with Sunnyside and Idlewild the interest of tourists on the Hudson.—*New York Evening Post*.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 24 Aug.
POLITICS AS A PROFESSION IN THE
UNITED STATES.

NATHANIEL P. BANKS has signified his intention not to accept a renomination to the office of Governor of Massachusetts. His chief reason for withdrawing from a position which was rarely, if ever, so satisfactorily filled before, and to which he would be recalled almost by acclamation, is, we believe, the primary duty of making more satisfactory provision for his family than a political career, with his notions of official propriety, will admit of. With these views he has accepted the position of resident director of the Illinois Central Railroad, and henceforth, at least for a period of years, his home will be in the State of Illinois. Of course this involves his entire withdrawal from political life, for the post to which he is invited is one which could neither be conferred nor accepted upon any other condition.

The step which Mr. Banks has taken is suggestive of profitable meditations to the young men of his generation. Here is a gentleman in the very prime of his manhood, who has won more popular distinctions, and, at the same time, has more of them now within the legitimate range of his aspirations, than any American of his age, living or dead. Though but forty-three years old, and the graduate of a New England factory, Mr. Banks' life has been, politically speaking, an uninterrupted series of triumphs, without one single reverse. He was repeatedly chosen to the Massachusetts Legislature, and twice its speaker; he was a delegate to the convention for revising the state constitution, and was also called with great unanimity to preside over its deliberations. Three times in succession he was chosen to the House of Representatives, and once its speaker, when the Republican party achieved, under his lead, its first memorable victory in the federal arena; he has since been twice elected to the office of governor, which he now holds; there is no position, however exalted, under the next administration, if Republican—and there is little doubt, we believe, that it will be—to which he would not be esteemed an acquisition; and yesterday there was probably no man in the country, except Mr. Lincoln, who would not gladly exchange with him his chances for the highest office in the gift of the American people.

After such a career of uninterrupted and honorable successes, with every thing behind to flatter and encourage him, and all that is most dazzling and seductive in front to tempt his ambition; just as he seems to

have reached the foot of the bow of promise towards which he has been so rapidly traveling, and where the treasure which politicians most covet is supposed to be buried, he deliberately drops his mattock, turns his back upon it all, and prefers to any distinction which political life can afford, an honorable alliance with the great industrial interests of his country.

Such a phenomenon—no feeblér term would properly characterize it—in the horizon of American politics is full of instruction to those who know how to turn it to proper account. It is the most exalted testimony we have ever been able to quote in confirmation of the doctrines we have frequently professed in these columns, that popular governments, that is, governments resting upon a broad suffrage basis and a free press, cannot permanently retain in their service the best men of the country. As the stream will not rise higher than its fountain, so a representative government, in the proper acceptance of that term, will only attract to its service the average talent and morality of the people represented. We have been feeling for years the silent operation of this law upon every department of our government, state and national. Every one who has made the effort knows how hard a thing it is to get our more worthy and capable citizens to accept political trusts of any description. To find America's great men we must seek the shades of professional life, or the great centres of material industry. We take little risk in saying that there are more of the higher qualities of manhood employed in directing the productive industry of this country than in all the executive departments of the federal government combined.

Of course we must not be understood to intimate that first-class men are never to be found in political life among us, for the very statesman who has awakened these reflections would be a living and conclusive testimony against us. It cannot be disguised that many of the cleverest men this country has produced have devoted the best energies of their lives to political employments. So we often see men in other professions who waste a large portion of their abilities from never discovering until it is too late that they were out of place. We only speak of the tendency of our institutions to attract the average virtue and intelligence into the public service, and when it does attract a higher grade of men, it is, as a general thing, their misfortune; it conduces neither to their happiness nor to their usefulness, and, in nine cases out of ten, discharges them from its service disappointed if not broken-hearted.

The reasons why the best order of men

are rarely found in the public service lie upon the surface. There is no principle of political economy more universal in its application than that the supply of every thing will be proportioned to the demand. This is as true of statesmen as it is of seamen or soldiers, or wheat or cotton. It is the tendency of the representative system constantly to circumscribe the sphere of government, and to limit its function to the simple duty of keeping one man's hand off of another and off from his property. This duty does not require the first order of men; it is a sort of upper constable's work at the best, for which certain qualities that are not rare are most important. Of course the supply will correspond to the demand. The public will not pay for a better grade of ability than the service requires, and if it does, the competition with the multitudes who are supposed competent for it is such that the chances of success are not sufficient to induce those who are good for any thing else to incur its risks.

If republican institutions did not have this tendency, they would not deserve the encomiums which have been passed upon them.

Hence it is that, with honors literally raining upon him from every quarter, Mr. Banks has not seen the day since he entered political life when he would not gladly have exchanged the pleasure which any of them conferred, for an assurance that the very moderate expenses of his family from week to week could be conveniently and surely met. He knew too well the value of his own self-respect to exchange it for affluence, as he readily might have done at any time in the various exalted positions he has held. With his views of statesmanship it was impossible for him to work for any but the state, and the consequence is that he finds himself to-day, after ten years of most honorable public service, and with every temptation to continue in it that political life can offer, a poorer man than he was when earning daily wages in a New England factory. And yet Mr. Banks has no expensive habits, and has lived with all the frugality which the positions he has occupied have permitted.

While doing so little for himself, Mr. Banks' services to his country have been such

as will only be properly appreciated in another generation. Without speaking of such as are political in their character and still more or less the subject of controversy, it is but just to say that he has done more for the State of Massachusetts, as the simple custodian of her property, than any person who ever occupied his seat before him. To his indefatigable exertions Massachusetts owes a reduction of her state taxes of nearly \$900,000 in two years; a reduction of town taxes to the amount of nearly \$800,000, and an increase in the valuation of her property in eight years of \$814,000,000. While he has been doing all this, with the co-operation of the excellent men which superior administrative talent is sure to bring about it, Mr. Banks himself has prospered only in honors; he is still one of the very poorest men in all New England.

And of all his distinctions which the future biographers of Mr. Banks will have to record, this deserves to occupy the very highest rank. He who possesses the ability to bring himself within the reach of the greatest temptations, and the virtue to withstand them, lacks nothing but the crown of poverty to prove him to be of the genuine blood-royal and a ruler by Divine right.

Without affirming that Mr. Banks leaves political life for a position in which he can be more useful, we may with propriety say that he leaves it for a position in which such talents as his are more needed, and therefore are much better remunerated. He will be the local or resident manager of the largest railway property on this continent, representing a capital of more than thirty millions, covering a territory larger than the State of Connecticut, or even than many of the states of the German Confederation, and furnishing daily employment to between three and four thousand men. For the management of such a property no one has too much capacity or character, and the direction of the Illinois Central Railway Company has never exhibited more sagacity and forecast, and they certainly were never in better luck than when they enlisted in their service the proved and distinguished administrative talents of the Governor of Massachusetts.

HOLDING UP THE HAND.—The form of administering an oath in the French courts of police involves the holding up the hand,—a custom probably to be traced, together with other forms, to the usages of the old Roman law.

The man to be sworn listens to the oath, which an officer of the court recites, and then holding up his right hand exclaims, *Je jure!*—*Notes and Queries.* W. C.

From Once a Week.

THE DUST IN A SUNBEAM.

You must frequently have watched the whirling cloud of dust in the sunbeam aslant a somewhat darkened room; and perhaps were a little staggered at this sudden revelation of the invisible air not being quite so pure as you had imagined. It is true that unless your housemaid is a woman of stern conscientiousness, the mortal enemy of spiders, implacable on the subject of cleanliness—(a housemaid, in short, who never advertises in the "Times," but is a tradition of the days that are gone)—you must on more than one occasion have found a layer of dust collected on your books, portfolio, or table, dust piled up in the corners of the picture-frame, dust covering your microscope case, dust gathering in the carvings of the pianoforte legs, dust on the looking-glasses, dust on the windows, dust everywhere. And this you know must have been transported by the atmosphere. But you are not astonished. The atmosphere is an energetic Pickford. It carries clouds of dust on every highway, and sweeps the sands over the fields and hedges. Nay, it is said to catch up quantities of frogs, and whirl them away to distant spots, where they fall like hailstones of a larger growth. But you are not bound to believe this. Nor need you be more credulous of the showers of herrings which are also recorded. There is evidence enough of the transporting power of the air, without falling into exaggerations. By slow deposits from the air the temples of Egypt, Greece, and Rome are now to a great extent buried below the surface; and you have often to descend a flight of steps to get upon the ancient soil.

It is probable, however, that while you were perfectly familiar with the idea of the atmosphere carrying clouds of dust, on occasions, you never thought of the atmosphere being constantly loaded with dust, which is constantly being deposited, and constantly renewed. This sunbeam has made the fact visible. It has lighted up the tiny cloud of dust, which we see to be restlessly whirling.

Suppose we examine this dust, and see of what it is composed? Restrain your surprise: the thing is perfectly feasible. The dust was invisible and unsuspected till the revealing sunbeam made us aware of its presence; and now the microscope, which deals with the invisible, shall reveal its nature. For, in consequence of the united labors of hundreds of patient workers, we can now distinguish with unerring certainty whether a tiny blood-stain is the blood of man, a pig, a bird, a frog, or a fish; whether a single fragment of hair is the hair of a mole or of a mouse, of a rabbit, or of a cat, of a Celt or of a Saxon; whether a minute fibre is of cotton,

or linen, or silk; whether a particle of dust is of flint, chalk, or brick; and we do this with the same precision as if we were distinguishing one animal from another, or one substance from another. If the characters are not sufficiently marked to the eye, we call in the aid of chemical tests. Equipped thus with a knowledge of marks by which to distinguish the separate particles, let us place a layer of dust, large enough to cover the surface of a fourpenny piece, under the microscope, and begin the examination.

The composition of this dust will always be of two kinds—inorganic and organic, that is to say, mineral particles, and the skeletons of animalcules, or the skeletons and seeds of plants. The mineral particles will of course depend on the nature of the soil, and position of the spot whence the dust was derived. It may be swept in from the gravel walks of a garden, from the highroad, or from the busy street. The grinding of vehicles, the wear of busy feet, the disintegration everywhere going on, keeps up a constant supply of dust. The smoke of a chimney and factory, steamship and railway, blackens the air with coal-dust. If the rocky coast is not a great way off, we shall find abundance of particles of silica, with sharp angles, sometimes transparent, sometimes yellow, and sometimes black. And this silica will occasionally be in so fine a powdered condition that the granules will look like very minute eggs—for which indeed many microscopists have mistaken them. In this doubt, we have recourse to chemistry, and its tests assure us that we have silica, not eggs, before us. Besides the silica, we may see chalk in great abundance; and if near a foundry, we shall certainly detect the grains of oxide of iron (rust), and not a little coal-dust.

Our houses, our public buildings, and our pavements, are silently being worn away by the wind and weather, and the particles that are thus torn off are carried into the dust-clouds of the air, to settle where the wind listeth and the housemaid neglecteth. The very rocks which buttress our island are subject to incessant waste and change. The waters wash and scrub them, the air eats into them, the mollusc and the polype rasp away their substance; and by this silent, but inevitable destruction, dust is furnished. Curious it is to trace the history of a single particle. Ages ago it was rock. The impatient waves wore away this particle, and dashed it among a heap of sand. The wind caught it in its sweeping arms, and flung it on a pleasant upland. The rain dragged it from the ground, and hurried it along water-courses to the river. The river bore it to the sea. From the sea-water it was snatched by a mollusc, and used in the building of his shell. The

mollusc was dredged and dissected; his shell flung aside, trampled on, powdered, and dispersed by the wind, which has brought this particle under our microscope, serving us for a text on which to preach "sermons in stones."

Equally curious is the history of this tiny particle of silk thread. A silkworm feeding tranquilly under the burning sun of India converts some of its digested plant-food into a cocoon of silk, in which it comfortably houses itself for a prolonged siesta. The silk is unwound, is carried to England or France, is there woven into a beautiful fabric, and after passing through many hands, enriching all, it forms part of the dress of some lovely woman, or the neck-tie of some gentlemanly scoundrel. Contact with a rough world, or a stiff shirt-collar, rubs off a minute fibre; the wind carries it away; and, after more wanderings than Ulysses, it comes to the stage of our microscope. Beside it is a cotton-thread, brilliant in color, of which a similar history might be told; and perhaps, also, there will be the hair of a dog, or of a plant; a fibre of wood, or the scale of a human epidermis; the fragment of an insect's claw, or the shell of an animalcule. Very probably we shall find the spore of some plant which only awaits a proper resting-place, with the necessary damp, to develop into a plant. You must not expect to find all these things in one pinch of dust; but you may find them all, if you examine dust from various places.

There is one thing which will perhaps be found in every place, and in every pinch of dust, and you will be not a little surprised to learn what that is. It is starch. No object is more familiar to the microscopist than the grain of starch. It is sometimes oval, sometimes spherical, and varies in size. The addition of a little iodine gives it a blue color, which disappears under the influence of light. There seems to be no difference between the starch grains found in the dust of Egyptian tombs and Roman temples, and that found in the breakfast-parlor of to-day. They both respond to chemical and physical tests in the same way.

But there is one curious fact which has been observed by M. Pouchet of Rouen, namely, that in examining the dust of many centuries he has sometimes found the starch grains of a clear blue color; and he asks whether this may not be due to the action of iodoine in the air, traces of which M. Chatin says always exist in the air. The objection to this explanation is, that if iodoine is always present in sufficient quantities to color starch, the grains of starch should often be colored, whereas no one but M. Pouchet has observed colored grains, and he but rarely.

M. Pouchet tells us that, amazed at the abundance of starch grains which he found

in dust, he set about examining the dust of all ages and all kinds of localities — the monuments and buildings of great cities, the tombs of Egyptian monarchs, the palaces of the age of Pharaoh; nay, he even examined some dust which had penetrated the skulls of embalmed animals. In all these places starch was found. But a moment's reflection dispels the marvellousness of this fact. Starch must necessarily abound, because the wheat, barley, rice, potatoes, etc., which form every where the staple of man's food, are abundant in starch; the grains are rubbed off, and scattered by the winds in all directions.

So widely are these grains distributed that a careful examination of our clothes always detects them. Nay, they are constantly found on our hands, though unsuspected until their presence on the glass slide under the microscope calls attention to them. It is only necessary to take a clean glass slide, and press a moistened finger gently on its surface, to bring several starch grains into view. Nay, this will be the case after repeated washing of the hands; but if you wash your hands in a concentrated solution of potash, no grains will then be found on pressing the moistened finger on the glass. This persistent presence of starch on our hands is not astonishing when we consider the enormous amount of starch which must be rubbed from our food, and our linen, every instant of the day; and when we consider, on the one hand, the specific lightness of these grains, which enables them to be so easily transported by the air, and, on the other hand the powerful resistance they offer to all the ordinary causes of destruction, one may safely affirm that in every town or village a cloud of starch is always in the air.

And hereby hangs a tale. Starch is a vegetable substance, and, until a very few years ago, it was believed to have no existence in the animal tissues. But the great pathologist Virchow discovered that in various tissues a substance closely resembling starch was formed, which he considered to be a *morbid* product. The discovery made a great sensation, and many were the ingenious theories started to account for the fact. At last it came to be maintained that starch was a normal constituent of animal tissues; and there is no doubt that investigators might easily find starch in every bit of tissue they handled, since their fingers, as we have seen, are plentifully covered with grains. If, however, proper precautions be taken not to touch the tissue with the fingers, nor the glass slide on which it is placed, no starch will be found. It is because of the starch-clouds in our atmosphere that grains are found on our persons and on almost every microscopical preparation.

But are the starch-clouds all that the sun-

beam reveals? By no means. Some *animals* will be found there; not always, indeed, nor very numerously, but enough to create astonishment. And these animals are not insects disporting themselves, they are either dead or in a state of suspended animation. A few skeletons of the infusoria, scales of the wings of moths and butterflies, and fragments of insect-armor, may be reckoned as so much dust; but there is also dust that is alive, or *capable* of living. You want to know what that dust is? It is always to be found in dry gutters on the housetops, or in dry moss growing on an old wall; and Spallanzani, the admirable naturalist to whom we owe so much, amazed the world with announcing what old Leeuwenhoek had before announced, namely, that these grains of dust, when moistened, suddenly exhibited themselves as highly-organized little animals—the Rotifers Tardigrades. Water is necessary to their activity. When the gutter is dried up, they roll themselves into balls, and patiently await the next shower. If, in this dried condition the wind sweeps them away with much other dust, they are quite contented; let them be blown into a pond, they will suddenly revive to energetic life; let them be blown into dusty corners, and they will patiently await better times. It may happen that the wind will sweep them into your study, and there they will settle on the gilt edges of Rollin's Ancient History, or some other classical work which *every* gentleman's library should be without; and in this position it has a fair chance of remaining undisturbed throughout the long years of your active career. But you die. Your widow has probably but an imperfect provision, and a very imperfect sympathy with Rollin and Co.; your books are sold by auction; the dust is shaken from them, and is blown into the street—from the street into the gutter, or the river, and there the dried Rotifers suddenly revive, to fight, feed, and propagate as of old. It is said that the Rotifer may be dried and revived fifteen times in succession. And if this be so, you may imagine what a history would be that of a single Rotifer under a fortunate juncture of circumstances. It might have seen life in a gutter at Memphis, or a pond at Thebes; been blown as dust to Carthage, and carried as dust to Rome; from thence to Constantinople; and, after being shaken from the robe of Theodora, or the code of Justinian, it might have accompanied the Crusaders to Jerusalem; from which place Mrs. B., after a two months' Eastern scamper, might have brought it back to London, where a chance breeze wafted it into the room which the very sunbeam I am discoursing about illuminates. From Memphis to my microscope, what a course! And during this adventurous course

our Rotifer has fourteen times shaken off the ceremonies of death. Dead. Not he:

I've not been dead at all, says Jack Robinson.

Such are some of the things found in the dust of a sunbeam, and you will probably have been too much astonished at some of the facts to have made the reflection that among all these objects not a single egg has been named. A few spores of plants are, indeed, frequently found. Knowing that many plants are fertilized by the agency of the wind, one expects to find pollen grains abundant. Indeed, when we consider how rapidly bread, cheese, jam, ink, and the very walls of the room, if damp, are covered with *mould*, which is a plant; when we consider how impossible it is to keep decaying organic substance free from plants and animalcules, which start into existence as by magic, and in millions, we have no difficulty in accepting the hypothesis of an universal diffusion of germs—eggs or seeds—through the atmosphere. No matter where you place organic substance in decay, if the air in never so small a quantity can get at it, mould and animalcules will be produced. Close it in a phial, seal the cork down, take every precaution against admitting more air than is contained between the cork and the surface of the water; and although you may have ascertained that no plants or animalcules, no seeds, or eggs, were present when you corked the bottle, in the course of a little while, say three weeks, on opening the bottle you will find it abundantly peopled.

To explain this, and numerous other facts, the hypothesis of an universal diffusion of germs through the air has been adopted; and the known fecundity of plants and animalcules suffices to warrant the belief that millions of millions of germs may be constantly floating through the air. Ehrenberg computes the rate of possible increase of a single infusory, *Paramecium*, at two hundred and sixty-eight millions a month. And it is calculated that the plant named *Bovista giganteum* will produce four thousand million of cells in one hour. As the *mould* plants are single cells, and as they multiply by spontaneous division, the rapidity with which they multiply is incalculable.

From all this you see how naturally the idea of universal diffusion of germs has become an accepted fact. If it is a fact, we must feel not a little astonished at finding the dust we examine so very abundant in starch, coal, silica, chalk, rust, hair, scales, and even live animals, and so strangely deficient in this germ-dust! The germs are said to be everywhere; millions upon millions must be diffused through the air; every inch of surface must be crowded with them. Do we find them? We find occasional pollen grains and

seeds. But we find no animalcule eggs, and no animals, except the Rotifers and Tardigrades. We find almost every thing but eggs. "Oh!" you will perhaps remark, "that is by no means surprising; if they are diffused in such enormous quantities through the air, it stands to reason that they must be excessively minute, otherwise they would darken the air; and if they are excessively minute, they escape your detective microscope—that's all." Your remark has great plausibility; indeed, it would have overwhelming force, were there not one fatal objection to the assumption on which it proceeds. If the eggs of animalcules were so excessively minute, as you imagine them to be, there would be no chance of our detecting them. But it happens that the size of the eggs of those animalcules which are known (and of many we are utterly ignorant) is, comparatively speaking, considerable; at any rate, the eggs, both from size and aspect, are perfectly recognizable inside the animalcule; and if we can distinguish these eggs

when the parent is before us, or when we have crushed them out of her body, it will be difficult to suppose that we could not distinguish them among the other objects in a pinch of dust, when a drop of water has been added.

It will be seen from these remarks that I do not believe in the hypothesis of universal diffusion of germs through the air. I believe that almost all the eggs of animalcules are too easily destroyed to resist desiccation; and that in the air they would become dust and cease to be eggs. At any rate we find no trace of eggs in the air.

The dust which our sunbeam has lighted up is a various and varying cloud of inorganic and organic matters—a symbol of the wear and tear of life—a token of the incessant silent destruction to which the hardest or the most fragile substances are exposed. The sunbeam has not only lighted up that but many other obscurities, and shown us in what a world of mystery we move. L.

FAIRMAIDS AND ALEWIVES.—These singular terms are used in the trade for certain kinds of dried fish. Fairmaids are explained by Halliwell as dried pilchards, and the term is probably a corruption of the Spanish *fumado*, a smoked herring. We might thus expect *alewives* to be a corruption of the corresponding name in Spanish; and the query I would propose is, What is the real technical signification of the words in question? and what is the Spanish or Portuguese designation of alewives? H. W.

[We cannot suggest any Spanish or Portuguese equivalent for the term "alewives;" but perhaps our correspondent will like to see an American explanation, as given by J. R. Bartlett in his valuable and interesting *Dictionary of Americanisms*. The "alewife," according to this writer, is "a fish of the herring kind, abounding in the waters of New England" (*Alosa vernalis*, Storer). Mr. Bartlett is disposed to derive "alewife" from the Indian *aloof*. "The name," he says, "appears to be an Indian one. . . . In former times the Indians made use of these fish to manure their lands. Mr. Winthrop says, 'Where the ground is bad or worn out, they put two or three of the fishes called *aloofes* under or adjacent to each corn-hill.' (See a paper on the *Use of Maiz*, Phil. Trans., 1678.) We think the Portuguese term applied to a smoked herring would be *defumado* and the Spanish *ahumado*. But perhaps our correspondent has met with *fumado* in the sense he indicates. Under "Harengs," in the Index to Buffon, mention is made of the herring fumela ("le hareng fumela"). Can *fumela* be the etymology which has occurred

to our correspondent's mind?—*Notes and Queries*.

SPIRITING AWAY.—This practice appears to have prevailed even after the act for its suppression was passed. *The Beauties of England* (Oxon. p. 300), quotes an anecdote on the subject, to illustrate the integrity and good talents of Sir John Holt as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, to which he was appointed in the first year of William III. :—

"There happened in his time a riot occasioned by the practice of decoying young persons to the plantations, who were confined at a house in Holborn [Query which, and to whom did it belong?] till they could be shipped off. Notice of the riot being sent to Whitehall, a party of military were ordered out, but before they marched an officer was sent to the chief justice to desire him to send some of his people with the soldiers. Holt asked the officer what he intended to do if the mob refused to disperse? 'My lord (replied he) we have orders to fire on them.' 'Have you so?' (said Holt;) then observe what I say: if one man is killed I will take care that you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. Sir, acquaint those who sent you, that no officer of mine shall attend soldiers; and let them know likewise, that the laws of this land are not to be executed by the sword. These things belong to the civil power, and you have nothing to do with them.' So saying he dismissed the officer, proceeded to the spot with his tipstaves, and prevailed on the populace to disperse, on a promise that justice should be done, and the abuse remedied."—*Notes and Queries*. S. M. S.

From Chambers's Journal.
THE MAUSOLEUM MARBLES.

ENGLAND seems destined to become the depository of the relics of the grandeur of the departed empires of the world. Already exceedingly rich in the possession of the artistic glories of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, Xanthus, and Carthage, our national museum could boast a finer collection of antiquities than the rest of Europe combined. The labors of Elgin, Fellowes, Davis, and Layard have now been crowned by Mr. Newton, who has succeeded in bringing safe to London the invaluable remains of that famous wonder of the world which lived but in a name, that celebrated embodiment of a wife's love and a queen's pride, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, which, after an existence of centuries, had succumbed to some unknown power, and apparently "left not a rack behind."

Before entering upon a rehearsal of the results of the successful excavations at Burdum, by which these treasures of ancient art have been acquired, a brief history of the circumstances in which the Mausoleum originated may not prove uninteresting.

Caria, a Dorian colony on the south coast of Asia Minor, after succumbing to Cræsus the Lydian, became, on his defeat by Cyrus the Great, a dependency of the Persian empire, although still governed by its own laws, and ruled by its native princes. When Mausolus, the eldest son of Hecatomus, ascended the throne, Sparta, Athens, and Thebes were contending for predominance in Greece, and preparing the way for Macedonian supremacy; Persia was struggling with revolted Egypt, and youthful Rome resisting the assaults of Volscians, Etruscans, and Gauls. Comparatively free from the disturbing influences of war, the kingdoms and republics of Asia Minor grew in wealth and importance. The new monarch of Caria was ambitious of founding a powerful maritime state. In person, tall and handsome, Mausolus was as daring in battle as he was astute in his policy, and unscrupulous in carrying it out. He forced the Lydians to pay him tribute, conquered a portion of Ionia, and compelled Rhodes to acknowledge his superior power. He took part in the conspiracy of the satraps against Artaxerxes, and assisted the enemies of Athens in the Social War with equal impunity.

Mylasa, an inland city, was the capital of the kingdom; but struck with the natural advantages possessed by the birthplace of Herodotus, Mausolus transferred the seat of government to Halicarnassus, and concentrated all his energies upon making it worthy its destiny. He rebuilt the half-ruined city, crowned the surrounding heights with

defences, and rendered the harbor safe and commodious. The latter was in the shape of a horseshoe; from the water's edge, the town rose in terraces, presenting the appearance of a vast amphitheatre flanked by volcanic hills, from which the walls descended to the sea. Upon a rocky eminence stood the magnificent palace of the king, commanding a view of the forum, haven, and the entire circuit of fortifications.

In this palace, in the year 353, after a prosperous reign of twenty-four years, Mausolus died, and Artemesia, his sister-wife, reigned in his stead. Her first care was to celebrate the obsequies of her husband with great ceremonies and solemnities. Poetical and rhetorical contests took place, in which Theodectes obtained the crown for his tragedy of *Mausolus*, and Theopompus carried off the oratorical prize from his great master Isocrates. Having buried Mausolus, Artemesia resolved to honor his memory by the erection of a monument such as the world had never seen.

Pythius—probably the architect of the Temple of Minerva at Priene—seems to have been the artist selected to carry out the queen's design, assisted by Scopas—the reputed sculptor of the Venus of Milo—Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, whose colossal statue of Mars stood in the Hallicarnassian temple of that deity. Artemesia did not see the completion of her husband's monument, for she survived him but two years. Her successor, apparently, did not care to proceed with it, as we are assured that the artists finished their stupendous work out of love, looking upon its completion as necessary for their own fame and the honor of their art.

Nearly four hundred years afterwards, Pliny saw it in all its glory. According to him, the circumference of the building was 411 feet; its breadth from north to south, 63 feet; its height, 25 cubits. It was ornamented with six-and-thirty columns. Above the pteron (colonnade) stood a pyramid equal in height to the lower building, and formed of twenty-four steps, gradually tapering towards the summit, which was crowned by a chariot and four horses, executed by Pythius, making the total height of the work no less than 140 feet. This gigantic monumental tomb was so solidly constructed, as to defy for centuries the destroying hand of time. Vitruvius speaks of it as one of the marvels of the world; Martial alludes to its peculiar construction; Lucian extols the beauty of the marble, and the life with which the sculptors had endued it. In the second century, Pausanias declares how greatly the Romans admired it; in the fourth, it is mentioned by Gregory, bishop of Nazianzus; in

the tenth, Constantinus Porphyrogenetus speaks of it as still exciting wonder and laudation; and in the twelfth century, Eustathius declares emphatically, "It was and *is* a marvel." The precise period at which the Mausoleum fell into ruin is uncertain. The probability is, that some time in the two hundred years after Eustathius, it was overthrown by one of those violent earthquakes prevalent in Asia Minor, although the Halicarnassian peninsula had for two thousand years enjoyed an immunity from the dreadful visitations which made such havoc among its neighbors.

After the downfall of the Roman empire, misfortune after misfortune befell the once proud city of the waters, until its very name was forgotten, and its site occupied by a small village called Mesy, depending on the mercy of the pirates roving the neighboring sea. When the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem retreated to Rhodes in the year 1404, they were struck with the military advantages of the place, and took possession of it, and, under the directions of their Great Baili, Henry Schlegelholz, they constructed a citadel or castle out of the ruins around them. In 1472, the Dalmatian Cepio who accompanied the Venetian expedition under Pietro Mocenigo, discerned the remains of the tomb of the Carian king. Eight years afterwards, the castle was repaired at their expense; but the threatened attack of Sultan Solymon in 1522 on the stronghold of the order, was the signal for the utter destruction of the Mausoleum. Sensible that it was a struggle for life or death, and well aware of the importance of the position, a detachment of knights repaired to Mesy to place it in a state of defence. Finding no better stones for burning lime than some marble steps rising in a field near the harbor, they broke them up. In searching for more, they discovered that the building extended wider and deeper, and drew from it not only stones for the kiln, but sufficient for building their fortifications. Having uncovered the greater portion of the edifice, they one afternoon hit upon an opening, down which they scrambled till they found themselves in a beautiful hall, decorated with marble columns, with capitals, bases, architraves, cornices, and friezes in bas-relief. The interstices between the columns were cased with veneers of various-colored marbles—a Carian invention during the reign of Mausolus—ornamented in harmony with the other parts of the hall, the walls being covered with historical sculptures. After these artistic treasures had been duly admired, they shared the fate of the marble steps. Another entrance was then discov-

ered leading through an ante-chamber into a noble apartment, in which stood a sarcophagus with its white marble vase. For want of time they did not stay to uncover it, but returned for that purpose next morning, when they found the place strewn with pieces of golden cloth and fragments of ornaments. Some of the corsairs ever hovering round the place had been before them, and carried off every thing of value. Thus the shrine immortalized by the love and pride of Artemisia was desecrated by the petty robbers of the isles, and the regal relics of the Carian dynasty scattered to the winds, after remaining undisturbed for eighteen centuries.

Solymon expelled the Knights of St. John from Rhodes, and finally from Asia altogether. The Turks built Budrum on the remains of the Carian city; the sea cast its sands on the shore; and the rain washed down the earth from the hills, obliterating one by one the ancient landmarks, till the very site of the Mausoleum was a subject of mystery and dispute.

Thevenot, who visited Budrum in the middle of the seventeenth century, noticed some lions' heads and sculptured marble slabs inserted in the walls of the citadel, of which Dalton, a hundred years later, made drawings. They also attracted the attention of Gouffier, Moul, Beaufort, Von Osten, and Hamilton, but the jealous fears of the Turks seldom allowed any traveller to enter the interior of the castle. The Prussian professor, Ross, after seeing them in 1844, solicited his government to obtain possession of the slabs, as undoubted relics of the tomb of Mausolus; but our own archaeologists had anticipated him, and "by their representations, induced Lord Palmerston to forward such instructions to Sir Stratford Canning, that that ambassador procured a firman from the porte authorizing the removal of the bas-reliefs, which were accordingly deposited in the British Museum in 1846, together with a cast from a similar slab discovered by Madame Schaffhausen, in the pavilion of the Villi Negroni, Genoa. The interest excited by these marbles revived the question as to the position of the Mausoleum. Ross was of opinion that it stood on a platform just north of the harbor, between the two hills once crowned by the ancient citadels; while Captain Spratt, after a careful examination of the neighborhood, decided in favor of a lower position, due north from the castle, and east of the harbor. Neither of these sites was exactly reconcilable with the accounts of Pliny and Vitruvius; and Mr. Charles Newton—who had never visited Budrum—clinging to their veracity, rejected

the decisions both of Ross and Spratt, and in a paper in the *Classical Museum* for 1848, fixed upon a spot the surroundings of which had been so filled up by alluvial deposits that no traces of a terrace or platform were discernible. So the matter rested until 1856, when Mr. Newton was appointed vice-consul at Mitylene, and authorized to carry out excavations on a large scale at Budrum, three of her majesty's ships being placed at his service, and every facility afforded him for bringing his labors to a successful issue.

The first results of Mr. Newton's operations were interesting, although not bearing upon their grand object; they consisted of an immense number of terracotta figures and red unglazed Roman lamps, apparently assorted as for sale, a block of stone with a dedicatory inscription to Demeter and Persephone, a nearly perfect mosaic pavement of Roman and Grecian tiles, and the torso of a life-size statue of a dancing girl in rapid motion, more remarkable for boldness than grace, resembling the figures on the Harpagan monument among the Xanthian marbles. Prevented by the covetousness of the Turkish proprietors from proceeding with the excavation of Ross' platform, Mr. Newton turned his attention to another quarter, and after two days' digging discovered, on the very spot pointed out by him ten years before, portions of a frieze, a number of architectural ornaments, the forepart of a horse, and part of a colossal lion, exactly like those taken from the castle walls. There could be little doubt that the long lost site was found, and proceeding with the work, he came upon pieces of Ionic columns, and the body of a colossal sitting figure. Close to this lay the remains of an equestrian statue, a noble specimen of Greek colossal sculpture. The horse is rearing. Its treatment exhibits great anatomical knowledge; the lower portion only of the rider's body is preserved; he is clad in Persian trousers; the hand with which he pulls back the animal is coarse, distinct, and bony, with every vein marked. The body of a dog in high relief, and various fragments of lions, were the next acquisitions; some of the latter have, after a severance of four hundred years, been reunited to the bodies which had done duty in the citadel.

The foundations of the building were soon reached, and the area discovered to be a parallelogram measuring one hundred by one hundred and twenty-six feet, cut out of the natural rock; the interstices occasioned by the deficiencies in the rock being filled with oblong blocks of stone fixed with iron clamps, and the whole quadrangle paved with green-stone. Under an accumulation of soil on

the western side was found a staircase of twelve steps, cut out of the rock, leading from the Theatre hill to the Mausoleum. Between these stairs and the side of the quadrangle, among terra-cotta fragments and the bones of sacrificial oxen, lay several large and beautiful alabaster ointment jars, the finest bearing two inscriptions, one in the cuneiform character, the other in hieroglyphics, rendered by Sir H. Rawlinson into "Xerxes the Great King" a memorial, may be, of Artemisia's having saved that monarch's children after the disaster of Salamis. In front of the spot on which this vase lay, the tomb was closed by a large stone weighing at least ten tons, grooved at the sides, and fixed into its place by bronze bolts inserted in sockets of the same metal, let into marble slabs. It must have been into this apartment that the knights penetrated in 1522.

On the eastern side were dug up the torso of a seated female, a portion of another colossal female, and four slabs of a frieze delineating Greeks and Amazons in conflict, but much superior in style and execution to those previously discovered, which, combined with the situation in which they lay, supplies reason for attributing them to Scopas. The figures have not the slimmess noticeable in the better known slabs, while the action is less theatrical, and the subjects treated with great boldness and originality. There is one splendid group. A Greek is attacking an Amazon, who bends backward, preparatory to dealing a tremendous blow with her battle-axe; her tunic has slipped, and leaves bosom, neck, and thighs uncovered. Indeed, the clever management of the drapery is a characteristic of all the Mausoleum sculptures.

These treasures, valuable as they are, sink into insignificance by the side of the wonders brought to light in excavating to the north of the Mausoleum. Beyond the apparent boundary of the building, a wall of white marble ran parallel to it; beyond this wall, under a mass of broken marble, was discovered a colossal horse in two pieces, (since, however, ascertained to be portions of two separate animals,) exceeding in size any Greek sculpture known. The bronze bit is still between the teeth. These are two of the four horses belonging to the chariot, the work of Pythius, and worthy of the best period of Grecian art, the treatment being broad, natural, and masterly. Beside the horses lay a colossal lion, with the tongue chiselled to represent the prickly surface. Mr. Newton was now on rich ground: within a space of fifty feet by twenty, lay piled upon one another, as they had fallen centuries ago,

the finest sculptures of this wonder of the world. The two most important among them were mere fragments of marble; but every splinter was carefully collected, and by the skill of Mr. Westmacott and his assistants, they have been reconstructed—the statue of Mausolus himself from no less than seventy-two pieces! This now only wants the back of the head, the arms, and one foot. The whole conception is simple, yet grand. The Carian king stands in a dignified attitude; he wears a tunic and cloak, the former falling in continuous folds to the right hip; the heavy cloak descending from the left shoulder, down the back, to the right hip, crosses the chest, and is gathered under the left arm, forming a study in drapery from which the greatest living artists may learn something. The face is handsome and intelligent; the hair rises from the middle of the low forehead, falling in long curls over the ears; the moustache is full, and the beard short. This, the oldest Greek portrait-statue extant, exhibits a skilful combination of the real and ideal, and is a most noble work. Its female companion is worthy of it; unfortunately, the head is missing. She is represented standing completely draped, with the exception of the arms and right foot; her right arm bends down towards her thigh, the raised left supporting her cloak, which covers the greater portion of the figure, the under-dress being visible over the bosom and round the ankles. More than 150 feet distant from the chariot-horse, Mr. Newton discovered half the nave, a piece of a spoke, and part of the outer circle of one of the chariot-wheels, from which the force with which the *quadriga* was thrown from its proud pre-eminence may be judged. Among the treasures found near the statue of Mausolus were a colossal leopard, evidently originally joined to some other figure, a beautiful colossal female head, a male head, and some more lions. Here also lay the squared marble blocks forming the steps of the pyramid on which the chariot stood. They are of a uniform depth of 11·3-4 inches, 2 and 3 feet in breadth, and of various lengths, but averaging 4 feet. One part of the upper side is polished, that which would be covered by the step above, only rough cut; the upper side of each block has one flange about six inches broad at the back, running the whole length of the stone, and two smaller ones at right angles to it along the ends; each of the latter has one side cut flush with the end of the stone, presenting a section similar to half of a Gothic arch, forming a sort of roof to protect the joints from rain. The large flange fitted into a longitudinal groove on the under side of the step above, a smaller transverse groove receiving

the lesser flanges, so placed that one joint never fell above another: the stones were fastened together with strong copper clamps.

We have enumerated all the more important results of these interesting researches. Of the thirty-six Ionic columns mentioned by Pliny, the capitals of three only have been recovered in a perfect state; but fragments of every member of the order of the Mausoleum have come to light, by which their dimensions have been fixed, and the veracity of the ancient writers, as usual, vindicated. As bearing on the much debated question respecting coloring statues, we may mention that all the architectural and sculptural decorations of the Mausoleum were painted; but the action of the atmosphere soon removed the evidences of the Greek practice of marble coloring. Beyond certain initials on some of the lions, not a solitary inscription was found on any remains belonging to the monument.

Lieutenant Smith, who accompanied Mr. Newton, has made elaborate calculations, from which the dimensions of the various parts of the building may be pretty accurately deduced. The statue of Mausolus is 9 feet 9 inches in height; from the tread of the chariot—allowing for the marble block on which the chariot stood—to the summit of the supporting pyramid was 4 1-2 feet; the total height of colossal group being, therefore, 14 1-4 feet; while the platform on which it stood could not have measured less than 24 feet by 18. The length of the pyramid would be 108, its width, 86, and its height, 23 1-2 feet—making just 3 inches in excess of the elevation given by Pliny for the quadriga and pyramid united. He states that the pteron or colonnade was of the same height; the remains of its columns corroborate him, so that but 65 feet of his total of 140 remain unappropriated. There can be little question, from the example of the Mylasea monument, that the pteron stood upon a high and solid marble basement, that of the Mausoleum being decorated with one, and in all likelihood two rows of bas-reliefs. The spaces between the thirty-six columns would supply appropriate positions for the various colossal figures; but by what means the enormous dead-weight of the novel pyramid was safely upheld on the pteron must ever remain a mystery—an unsolvable riddle for sculptors and architects, who have rejected Lieutenant Smith's idea of a pointed supporting vault as untenable.

The effect of this splendid monumental mass, with its solid basement, its superb friezes, its graceful columns, its wondrous statues, with its white marble pyramid crowned with the majestic charioteer, rising from the rock-built terrace, and towering

over the beautiful city, with the blue sky overhead, and the volcanic hills for a background, must have been something approaching the sublime: even now we cannot but regret that she, to whose affection it owed its birth, was denied the sight of its completed beauty.

It is much to be desired that these priceless relics of antiquity were more fittingly housed than in the ugly glass-sheds which at present shelter them. Scarcely ten years have elapsed since the British Museum was completed, and already there is not a single department, save Mr. Panizzi's, that is not

cribbed, cabined, and confined. The Natural History collection is too crowded to be examined with any profit; the prints are, to all practical intents and purposes, buried; mineralogical specimens hidden away in drawers, while the cellars are overflowing with antiquities. Unless it is to degenerate into a gigantic curiosity-shop, it is high time something was done to remedy the evil, and we rejoice to hear that the trustees are about to bestir themselves energetically in the matter, and trust they may be enabled before long to render justice to the treasures of our national museum.

BUNNY.—Can you inform me whether any etymology has ever been attempted of that infantine word for the rabbit "Bunny?" Many of these juvenile expressions are difficult enough to trace up to their roots. **M. FODDER.**

[The original name is *Bun*. In the Scotch language *bun* is equivalent to *fud* (a tail); and it is said of a "maukin," or hare, that she "cocks her *bun*," i.e. cocks her tail. Hence "Bun-rabbit," "Bun," and the "Bunnie" or "Bunny;" all equivalents, except that the last is a diminutive, and all referring to the animal's tail. Much in the same way a part was sometimes put for the whole, in the use of our old English provincial word *scut*. *Scut* was properly the tail of a hare or rabbit; but was also employed to signify the hare itself.]—*Notes and Queries*.

MOTTOES OF REGIMENTS.—"Nec aspera terent" is the motto of that noble regiment the 3d (or King's Own) light dragoons. They have, or had, it upon every thing; standards, plate, table-linen; even upon the wine decanters; and I well remember, many years ago, dining at their mess, where an ancient gentleman, a guest, asked Captain Gubbins (a noble fellow, killed shortly after at Waterloo, in the 13th Dragoons) very gravely, "Pray, Captain Gubbins, what means this motto on your glass?" "It means, sir," said Gubbins, with equal gravity, "Never mind how rough the port is." This was before the mess-days of champagne and claret, which, amongst other regimental follies, have created a scarcity of cornets.—*Notes and Queries*.

A VERY curious disease the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had carried Horace Kinch inside the wall of the old King's Bench prison, and it had carried him out

with his feet foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair-looking houses or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of the Dry Rot in men, is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason: to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties to-morrow or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance; a certain slovenliness and deterioration, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this succeeds a smell as of strong waters in the morning; to that a looseness respecting money; to that a stronger smell of strong waters, at all times; to that, a looseness respecting every thing; to that, a trembling in the limbs, somnolency, misery, and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood, so it is in men. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoted. Thus it had been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, "So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him—and yet, it is feared, with a slight touch of the Dry Rot!" when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.—*All The Year Round*.

From All The Year Round.

TURKISH SHOPS AND SHOPKEEPERS.

I AM not going just yet to pronounce a talismanic text of the Koran as an "Open, Sesame!" and then plunge, boldly and adventurously, out of the fiery sun into the dim vaults of the Constantinople bazaars; I am merely going to stroll through the narrow, steep streets of the Sick Man's city, SHOPPING.

I am *not* about to say that London walking is dull walking, when to me, well as I know, and much as I love the pure green country, Fleet street is always fairy-land, and Regent street enchanted ground; but still, I think, English shops are not to be compared to those of Stamboul, in their power of affording pleasure and amusement to the itinerant traveller and poetical or artistic vagabondizer, for reasons I will disclose anon. London shops, particularly your cork-leg shop, your glass-eye shop, your Christmas toy shop, your seal engraver's shop, furnish pretty material to the thoughtful humorist (and who can be a real humorist without being thoughtful); but then you have to blunt your nose against glass, already opaquely steamed with youthful breath, or to sneak about doorways, at the imminent risk of being suspected as a swell mobman, or a cracksmen, whereas in the Orient shops, all is open air life. The shops have the lids off; they are pies without crust. The goods are laid out on sloping slabs, such as our English fishmongers use to display their ichthyological specimens upon; they are small bulkheads, or, more generally, narrow open stalls, without doors or windows, and with limited platform counters, upon which robed and turbaned Turks sit, as if they had been acting stories from the Arabian Nights in private theatricals the night before, and had not yet had time to change their clothes. Those grave and reverend seigniors are always to be seen sitting cross-legged, generally smoking (Ali Baba or Mustapha), and half dozing, taking a quiet, unhurried, kind, and contemplative view of life. Donkeys may pass and bump against the door-posts, thieves may run by (as I have seen them), pursued by angry soldiers with drawn and flashing sabres, the Sick Man himself may ride past, sad, and hopeless, and felon-faced, with the ambassadors he is so sick of—mortally sick of—at his elbows, still, nothing moves our friend in the decent, unruffled mushroom button of a white or green turban. If a Job's messenger were to come in and say that his thirty-third wife was dead, or that fire from Allah had burnt down his villa at Buyukdere, the most Mustapha would do would be to fill his pipe rather quicker than usual, and puffing a little faster than usual,

to tell his beads, and curse the infidels all over the world.

A Turkish shopkeeper's goods never project into the road; he has no outside counter, like our vendors of old books; he has no old clothes and regimentals fluttering obtrusively in a bankrupt, suicide way at his outer doors. His little quiet shop is flush with the roadside wall, and, sell he mouthpieces of pipes, clogs for the bath-room, or fez caps, they are all kept inside the little bin of a shop, on the floor of which, and at the entrance of which, sits the Turk, the master, with his red slippers before him.

Tired of travellers' generalities, and really wishing to paint truly, brightly, and minutely what I see, I yet know scarcely how to convey a thorough impression of Turkish shops. Whether I will or not, I must do it partly by negatives. They are not enormous cleared-out ground floors of dwelling houses, as in London, but rather, cobbler-like, one-storied covered stalls, where lurks a turbaned quiet man, aided by a black-eyed Greek, or fat brown Armenian boy, who, to prevent the good phlegmatic man using his legs, get down from shelves, or from the inner vaulted bin, the striped silks, the sandal-wood beads, the aloes wood, the hippopotamus-hide whips, the spongy bath towels, or whatever it may be you want.

You could, I found, hardly imagine a man going to cheat you who was in no hurry to get down his gold striped cloths, who requested you to tuck up your legs on his counter, who sent out for lemonade or sherbet, or called for pipes and coffee. I used always to think, when I coiled myself up to buy some small trifle (a little red pipe bowl, or a pair of slippers, starred with seed pearl), that Mustapha treated me more like some bearded Arabian merchant who had come to spend a month with him, than a "loafing" infidel, who was in a burning hurry, and had only a sovereign or two to spend. But when that venerable and majestic Turk, sitting with his red slippers before him, began to ask me exactly two hundred times the worth of that pipe and those slippers, my respect for the trading instincts of the patriarchal old bearded humbug increased tremendously, though I knew he longed to spit in my coffee, and to football my unshorn head up and down the knubbly street.

But I cannot describe Turkish shops and enable readers to decide what age of civilization they belong to, unless I also describe the streets that lead to them and from them, that face them, that back them, that bring them customers, that lame the said customers they take away. In like manner, as the nineteenth century Turk is one and the same

with the Turk of the seventeenth century, so are the Stamboul streets of 1860 much what the Stamboul streets must have been in 1666. Drive the Turk back to-morrow to his Asian tent, and he would be as fit for it as ever he was. Turn him out to-morrow from the city he stole from Christianity, and you will find the same streets that you would have found when Busbequius or Grelot visited Turkey—no better, no worse. In fact, tramp a Moslem in Paris boots till corns spring out all over them, pinch his brown fists in Jouvin's white kid gloves, squeeze him in invisible green Yorkshire cloth, scent him, eye-glass him, grease him, uniform him as you like, the Turk will still remain the unimprovable Chinaman of the world, his religion a dangerous lie, his polygamy detestable, every country he governs a dunghill or a desert. I longed to tell Mustapha so, when he used to sit stolid and divinely contemptuous if I came in a hurry for some tufted Broussa bath towels, upon which I know he would have bowed and wished me peace, believing that I was complimenting him in my own tongue. I never could have been angry, however, with Mustapha, unless he had actually struck me or called me "dog," because, however cheating he is, he is such a gentleman, with his mildness and his courtesy; he never does any thing ludicrous, or gauche, or intrusive, or fussy, or vulgar; he is never pert, never pompous, but looks like Abraham and Jonah, and Isaac and Jacob, and King Solomon, all in one. He seems to be incapable of fret or worry, and when he dies it will be, I am sure, without a struggle, for he was never fully awake yet.

As to the streets that lead to other shops than Mustapha's. In the first place, they are as narrow as Shoe lane, yes, even that Regent street of Constantinople which leads to St. Sophia, or the Piccadilly that branches on to the Hippodrome, is a mere rough path; and Stamboul being, like Rome, a city of seven hills, half its lanes are five times as steep as Holborn hill, London. They have no smooth slabs of side pavement, no kerbs, no lamps, no names, no guarding side-posts. They are covered with what is merely a jolting mass of boulder stones thrown down loose as when uncared, or if sound trottoir for a few yards, in another step or two, ground into holes or crushed into something like a stonemasons' yard, or a pebbly sea-beach bristly with geological specimens. If a barricade had just been pulled down, and not yet levelled, so would it look; if it were the street of a mountain village, so would it be. As in the days of Adam, and before Macadam was thought of, so are the streets still.

To ladies impossible, to men terrible, imagine, plus, these torrent beds of streets,

mountain defiles, after an inundation, or a landslide avalanche of shingle; a continuous stream of ox-carts, water-carriers and oil-carriers, ass drivers, bread sellers, carriages with Turkish ladies, pashas and their mounted retinue, pack-horses, children, and Circassian loungers. Then, on every vacant spot, strew praying dervishes, sleeping, couchant, or rampant wild dogs, melon-stalls and beggars, throw up above a ball of solid fire and call it the sun, and you have some small idea of the delight of walking in the Dying Man's city.

But let us stroll down this street; where the planes toss their green jagged leaves over those gratings, and through which I see the stone turbans of tombstones, with, below, blue-and-gilt verses from the Koran; and let us get to this slovenly, downhill lane, leading towards the bazaars. In it we shall find nearly every class of Turkish trade. Those Armenian porters, with their knots and ropes on their backs, seem smilingly to promise as much, when they offer to carry home the English sultan's purchases for him; and as for that, I believe they would carry home a house on their back, if it only had handles.

"Way there!"—what a howl of "Guardia! Guard-diah!" Just as I am stopping for a cup of water at a gilded fountain, I am driven into a mastic shop by eight Armenian porters, four behind and four in front, who are staggering up-hill with a gigantic steel-bound bale, considerably larger than a chest of drawers, out of which ooze some yellow webs of silk; the load vibrates on two enormous lance-wood poles, thin at the ends and thick in the middle. Now, for a moment, these brawny men stop to rest the burden, and wipe their brown, rugged, beaded foreheads. Honor the sturdy industry of the honest Armenian hammals, who stop for no one, not even the Sultan himself, who pass howling out a rapid caution, through weeping funeral or laughing wedding procession, marching soldiers, any thing, any one; and who, for a few pence, unapplauded, perform the labors of Hercules in the Sick Man's city.

Attentive to trade interests, as well as to the rights of hospitality, the Turk in the shop where I have taken refuge, points to the heaps of mastic upon his counter, and I buy a little to chew, because I have heard that Turkish ladies spend the greater part of their lives in this harmless, but unintellectual occupation. Mastic resembles gum Arabic; it is crystally cracked, yellow in color, like a pale flawed topaz, and has no taste at all to mention. It produces no effect, opiate or otherwise, and for all I could see, I might as well have spent my time sucking a little pebble, as school boys do when they are going to

ran a race, and want to improve their "wind." It lasted me about half an hour, till I got to the square of Bajazet. At the end of that time, I got alarmed, and taking it out of my mouth and looking at it, I found it changed to a sodden opaque lump of a dull white color, which tasted like chewed india-rubber; so I flipped it at a street dog in disgust, and the street dog swallowed it immediately, as he would have done, no doubt, had I thrown him a shoeing-horn or a pair of old braces.

My Turk now wanted me to buy some henna powder for the ladies of my harem, but I declined, upon which he clapped his hands, as if to call a negro boy, and in bounded a bushy white cat that he had died a rose pink to prove the excellence of his drugs; but even this did not induce me to buy any thing, for a clog-shop next door then allured me, and I stopped to see the apprentices with short adzes cleaving the wood, with which they fashioned the wooden sole, and the stilted supports of the "chopines," on which the Turkish ladies clatter across the cold marble floor of their fountain-sprinkled bath-rooms into the inner cells, where they disappear in a cloud of hot steam, from which merry laughing and splashing of water is heard at intervals. This is quite a West end shop for Turkey, and they sell all kinds of bath clogs here, from the plain wooden to the rich polished pairs, that are lozenged and starred with mother of pearl, in a style fit for Zobeide herself.

How quiet and industrious the workmen are! twice as vigorous as Spaniards, and patiently enjoying the labor, with scarcely even an eye for passing scenes in the street. No plate-glass here, no varnished brackets, no pattern dwarf-boot, or skeleton bone foot; nothing but chips and shavings, and split, split, hammer, hammer; a man at work behind, with some curious glue, is inserting the patterns of pearl into the wooden slabs cleverly enough.

A pipe-shop next. One Nubian and three young Turks, with a patriarch watching them, while he does the finer work himself. One turban and three scarlet fezes, all cross-legged, and the Nubian holding his work between his bare feet, for his toes are handier than many men's fingers. Good-natured, like all his race, a chronic grin of unctuous content is on his face. A worse specimen of a slave for platform and inflammatory purposes could not be found. The shop is not much bigger than six cobblers' stalls thrown into one, and the wall at the back is lined with pipe-stems, that rest against it like so many javelins. They are surely old Arab spear-shafts, pierced for new and more peaceful purposes. The dark-red ones are cherry stems from Asia Minor; the rough light-brown

ones, jasmin saplings from Albania. They are about five feet long, and form the real chibouk that the Turk loves when it is finished off with a small red tea-cup of a bowl, and this bowl is crammed with the choicest tobacco of Salonica. But what are those colored coils, like variegated eels, that twine and curl on the floor—for this is not a serpent charmer's? Those, innocent Frank, making a Guy of thyself with that bandaging of white muslin around thy wide-awake, are the tubes of narghilés, that the Turks love even more than the chibouk to smoke, because it is handier for small rooms, and does not require an orbit of five feet to each puffer. Look opposite at that coffee-shop, which is the Turkish tavern: see those four men. They are mere poor men, but they come in to lunch off a farthing cup of coffee, without milk or sugar, and a puff of a narghilé. How dignified they sit, till the globular bottles with the tubes coiled round them, are brought, the tobacco burning red above on its little cup of charcoal. See, only a dozen puffs, and a pure water from the fountain yonder is polluted in the bottles to a lemonade color by the smoke: it softens, and its bubble and gurgle is soothing to listen to! Miles of that tubing, red, green, blue, and crimson, are made annually in Constantinople. See how natively the men bind the tubes with fine wire, to make them at once flexible and enduring. A Roman alderman once wished he had a throat three yards along. The Turkish epicure of smoke has realized the wish by making his pinch of tobacco go further than any one else's. Now, having bought ten yards of narghilé tube, with a fringed end, do you want an amber mouthpiece for your chibouk? Old Turks think they make the smoke bitter and harsh, and therefore prefer the plain cherry-wood *pur et simple*, sucking the smoke through it, and not putting the pipe between their lips at all; but tastes differ.

Here is the shop. Cases on the counter; within them, rows of mouthpieces, looking like sucked barley sugar, golden and transparent. The amber is of all shades of yellow, from opaque lemon to burnt saffron. Some of those more shiny ones are only glass, the dearer ones have little fillets of diamonds round their necks, and are worth a purse full of piastres. Then there are dull green ones for cheap pipes, and meerschaum cigaret holders for the cursed Frank, who had better take care he is not made a fool of, for greasy Turkish bank-notes are all alike, except for the numeral, which it requires practice to read; and then there are old and new notes, and bad gold Medjids, and heaven knows what cheatings, in this scorpions' nest of foreign rogues and schemers. Do you want rosaries? Here are talismans made of chips of red cornelian,

and aloes wood for incense. But here a ruder shop, not matted nor cushioned, arrests us. Plain beaten earth floor, rude counter. It looks more like a deserted blacksmith's shop than any thing else. It belongs to a maker of vernicelli. The owner, ghostly white in face, is brushing a huge tin tray round and round. The brush must be of wire, or be grooved or toothed, for I see the caked material under which the fire is, is drawn and cut into tubed threads, and he draws it out as it dries, like so much carded flax, dexterously indeed. I see that he knows when it is done by its threads snapping and springing up, crisp and loose, from the tin shield. Good-natured people that the Turks are! He smiles and nods to me, quite pleased at the interest, the wandering, spying out Giaour takes in his performance.

Now, moving on, I get into a strata of edibles, for here, at a window, lolls an immense hide full of white cheese, looking like stale cream cheese, become dry and powdery. It comes from Odessa, I am told, or is made of buffalo's milk, and is brought by camels from the interior of Anatolia, for butter and milk are all but unknown in Turkey. At the next stall are dried devil-fish, looking horrible with their hundred leathery arms; but here, where sword-fish were once a favorite dish, and the people are very poor, what can one expect?

Who shall say the Turks are bigoted and intolerant, when here, next door to a baker's, is a shop with coarse Greek prints, representing Botzaris, the Greek hero, putting to death heads of Turks, and here are tons of illustrations, in which the Turk is always getting the worst of it. There was a time when to even delineate a human being was death in Turkey, but now—

It was hard times for the bakers twenty years ago, when you could hardly be a week in Constantinople without seeing one of the tribe groaning with a nail through his ear, fastening him to his own shop door. That was the time when women were drowned in sacks in broad daylight, and when the sight of a rebel pasha's head, brought in in triumph, has taken away the appetite of many an Englishman breakfasting with a Turkish minister. But there he (the baker) is now, floury, ghostly, and serious as ever, groping in that black cave of an oven at the back of his shop, or twisting rings of bread with all the unction of a feeder of mankind and a well-paid philanthropist.

The fez shops are very numerous in the Sick Man's city, for turbans decrease, though slowly. They are of a deep crimson, and have at the top a little red stalk, to which the heavy blue tassel is tied, and which always, to prevent entanglement, is kept in stock with a sort of ornament of paper cut

into a lace pattern round it. The blocks, too, for fezes to be kept on, are sold in distinct shops. You see them round as cheeses ranged in front of a Turk, who watches them as if expecting them to grow. Sometimes you could hardly help thinking they were pork-pies, were it not for the barelegged boy in the background, who, pushing the block with the flexible sole of his foot, keeps it even upon the lathe.

Stationers and booksellers hardly show at all in Stamboul but in the bazaar, and there in a very limited way, and in a way, too, that makes the Englishman wish they were away altogether. The tailor, too, does not figure largely, though you see Turks busy in their shops sewing at quilted gowns and coverlids stuffed with down; and you seldom pass down a street without seeing a man with a bow, such as the Saracen of Snowhill could scarcely have drawn, bowing cotton, with the twang and flutter peculiar to that occupation, the slave behind half buried in flock, or emerging from a swansdown sea of loose white feathers.

The jewellers (frequently Jews) are chiefly in the bazaars, both for safety and convenience. There they sit, sorting great heaps of seed pearl, like so much rice, squinting through lumps of emerald, or weighing filigree earrings, with veiled ladies looking on, and black duennas in yellow boots in waiting; but still there are also a few outsiders who sell coarse European watches with unseemly French cases, and large bossy silver cases for rose-water, or some such frivolous use, shaped like huge melons, and crusted with patterning, much watched over by the Turkish police, who, in blue tunics, red fezes, and white trousers, sneak about rather ingloriously, saving for the ornamented hostler at their belt, in which their pistols lurk.

It is not possible to go up a Turkish street, if it contain any shops, without also finding among them a furniture shop, where Chinese-looking stools and large chests are sold, their whole surface diced over with squares of mother-of-pearl, frequently dry and loose with extreme age. They are now, we believe, rather out of fashion in the palaces on the Bosphorus.

But these are the first-rate streets in the lower alleys. Round the gates of the Golden Horn side of the city, down by the timber stores and the fish-market, the shops are mere workshops, and alternate with mere sheds, and with rooms full to the very door with shining millet or sesame, which looks like caraway seed; with charcoal stores, and fruit-stands where little green peaches are sold, the true Turk preferring raw fruit to ripe.

In these lower Thames-street sort of neighborhoods—in winter knee-deep in mud, and in summer almost impassable for traffic, to—

wards the Greek quarter especially—you are sure to find a comb-shop, a little place about as large as four parrots' cages, where an old ragged Turk and a dirty boy are at work, straightening crooked bullocks' horns by heat, sawing them into slices, chopping them thinner and thinner, and cutting out the coarse teeth. The workman, powdered with yellow horn dust, perhaps stops now and then to drink from the red earth jug that is by his side, or deals with a mahabiji, or street sweet-seller, for that delicious sort of rice blanch-mange he sells—yellow all through, powdered with white sugar, and eaten with a brass spoon of delightfully antique shape; or, he is discussing a shovelful of burnt chesnuts; or, a head of maze boiled to a flowery pulp, eaten with a ring of bread, and washed down with a draught from the nearest fountain; or he is stopping, the patriarch master being away, to listen to the strains of an itinerant Nubian, who stands under a mosque wall yonder, with a curious banjo slung round his black neck, the handle a big knotted reed, the body large as a groom's sieve and of the same shape. Some black female servants are near, also listening, and I can tell from what African province they are by the scars of the three gashes that, as they think, adorn their left cheeks. Close to where they stand, perhaps, is a shop full of fleas and pigeons, the latter always hustling about and cooing, and evidently on sale.

But shall I forget the tobacco shops that are incessant, that are everywhere; upon the hills and down by the water, round St. Sophia and close even to the Sublime Porte itself? In England, I have always from a boy envied two tradesmen, the one the cabinet-maker, the other the ivory-turner; the one, dealing with such a dainty material; the other, so dexterous and refined in its manipulations. In Turkey I always longed to be either a jeweller or a tobacco merchant, the one with a stock so portable and costly, the other with a trade so much patronized yet requiring so little apparatus. The tailor fags his eyes out, but the tobacco merchant buys his skinfuls of tobacco, or his leathern bagfuls of the Syrian jibili, the patient hammal throws it down in his shop, he buys a tobacco-cutter, a pair of scales, a brass tiara of a tray to pile the show samples up in, and there he sits and smokes till a purchaser come. No heart-breaking change, no docks to trudge to, no any thing. Nothing but to drag up brimming handfuls of the saffron thread and to sell it by the oke, trebling the price, of course, to an accursed Frank. What did the Turks do (I often thought) before smoking was invented? Did they play at chess, cut off Christians' heads perpetually, or murder their wives like Bluebeard, that vulgar type of the Turk?

What did they do before coffee, on which they now seem to live, sipping it all day, hot, and black, and thick, tossing off grounds and all.

What is this shop, larger, wealthier, and more European-looking than its fellows, into which are now entering those three white-veiled, nun-like Turkish ladies, who drew up their rich silks of violet and canary color quite above their yellow shapeless boots? They go in and sit down like so many children, on the low four-legged rush-bottomed stools, so full of mirth and mischief, that they agitate and distress and delight the quiet Turkish sweetmeat-seller and his black servant, who is steeping little oval shelly pistachio nuts in a tin of melting sugar and oil. The walls of the shop are hung with long walking-sticks (cudgels, shall I say?) of that precious and fragrant sweetmeat known in harems as "rahat li koum," or "lumps of delight," which is a glutinous sort of jelly of a pale lemon or rose color, floured with sugar, and knotted and veined with the whitest and curdiest of almonds. It is a delicious, paradisaical, gluey, business, and horribly indigestible.

Those fair English friends of mine who nibble at a fowl, and sip hesitatingly at a jelly, wishing to be thought mere fragile angels who drink the essence of flowers and live upon invalid spoonfuls of the most refined delicacies, might derive benefit from seeing Zobeide, Scheherazade, and the fair Persian wives of that renowned pasha, Dowdy Pasha, consume yards—yes, positively yards—of those sweetmeat walking-sticks, washing down the bane of digestion with plentiful draughts of red-currant sherbet, raspberry sherbet, and fresh-made lemonade duly iced.

Then, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, forgetful of this morning's handfuls of rice and fowl, and long greasy shreds torn with their own fair fingers from a lamb roasted whole, how they fall to on piles of sweetcakes, ending with a few spadefuls of comfits, laughing and talking all the time, and making light of the whole affair! I wish I could here burst forth with some scraps of Hafiz or Ferdusi, and tell how warm and dark their antelope eyes were, and how the lucid tinge of a summer daybreak lit their cheeks. But, to tell truth, Zobeide was a whale of a woman, and was ruddled, not merely painted, with rouge; the fair Persian had Indian ink eyebrows, joining architecturally over her nose; and Scheherazade was white as a wall with smears of paint that marred her once pretty nose and dimpling mouth. As soon as they were trotted off in their little pea-green and gilt carriage, guardian nigger and all, I went into the shop, about which I had all this time been loafingly prowling, and called, clapping my

hands, for some violet sherbet; because Musulman tradition distinctly tells us that that great Arab epicure and sensualist, Mohamed, called this his favorite beverage. And now do I greatly desire to tell my readers all about the flavor and fragrance of that well and euphoniously named drink; only one thing prevents me, and that is, that my Turk did not sell it, and no one else that I could find out ever did, so I did not taste it, and cannot compare it to all sorts of things as I should otherwise decidedly have done.

Wine and spirits would not be sold at all in Stamboul—at least openly—but that British subjects claim that privilege of sale. Raki, a sort of fiery oily anisette, peculiarly deleterious, is drunk with great relish by the Greeks, and by those Turks who are lax in their religious observance, whenever they can get it unobserved. I am afraid that tying down poor human nature with unnecessary restraints makes sad hypocrites of man, who find it difficult enough to keep even the great laws, and are always inventing some excuse to slip off Nature's handcuffs. I remember particularly one fresh bright morning that I was on the deck of a Turkish steamer that was ploughing through the Sea of Marmora, and just sighting the Seven Towers, beyond which the cypresses and minarets were rising in a great watchful army, guarding the crescented domes of the still sleeping city. The deck was strewn with Albanians in their hairy capotes, with slavish-looking thievish Greeks, and with Turks grave and cross-legged on their prayer carpets. Here and there, seated on the benches, were two or three half-Europeanized Turks, attempting clumsily to imitate the ribald ease of their Greek friends. Threading the still half-sleeping groups, stepped the cafegee of the boat with thimble cups of smoking black coffee (half grounds as the Turks drink it) on his dirty trays. A Greek, in crimson jacket and black worsted lace broidery all over it, suddenly produces an old medicine-bottle full of raki, and passes it round. His Greek friends drink and look religiously thankful, for the autumn morning is raw. Three times—nay, four times—he smiles, and offers it to the Turk, who looks away over the boat-side coquettishly. There is a curious constraint in the way he pushes the bottle from him: so Cæsar pushed the crown, according to the envious Cassius; so Cromwell did not push aside the bottle, if Cavalier squibs be true. There is a thoughtful, spurious look about his eye, changing, with the rapidity of a juggler's trick, to a quiet look of content and triumph, as he suddenly accepts the bottle, and slipping behind a fat Greek, takes an exhaustive slope of its contents. What this man did with hypocritic reluc-

tance, hundreds did—as I was very well assured—without any reluctance at all, under the protection and shelter of a European's roof. They feel the prohibition is absurd; they know the Sultan has bartered his very throne for a champagne flask, as his father did before him; so secretly they drink and are drunken. Indeed, I was told that the more philosophical Turks consider champagne merely a sort of heavenly bottled beer: in the first place, because its froths, which Eastern wine does not; secondly, because it is of a dull yellow color, when their wine is red. Besides, as long as nations choose the wisest, and bravest, and best of their nation for monarch, must they not follow his example, and (saving the Prophet) get wisely, bravely, and in the best and most secret way possible, drunk from pure loyalty?

People have often laughed at Chataubriand's French dancing-master giving soirées to the Dog-rib Indians, and a better subject for a farce could scarcely be conceived; but all incongruous things are ridiculous, when they are not on the one hand, also hateful, or on the other, when they do not exite our pity. So, apropos of raki, and the Turkish rakes who drink it, I must describe the small English tavern that I stumbled into just outside the Arsenal walls. It was kept by a Greek, and was in the Greek manner; but I found it was specially patronized by the English mechanics whom the Sultan keeps to superintend the government manufactories. These intensely English men, of course despising sherbert, which they profanely and almost insultingly called "pig's-wash," and detesting raki because it was the secret beverage of "them precious villains of Turks," resorted to this grimy hostelry, dirtier than the meanest village inn in "dear old England," to wash the steel filings from their throats and the sawdust from their lips, with real expensive, oily, bilious, "old Jamaïque?"—so old that the red and green labels on the bottles were brown and fly blown—and with "Hollands," in square, black-green, high-shouldered Ostade bottles. It was delightful to see the brave, cross-grained, grumbling fellows lamenting English climate and English taxes, cursing the Turks, and wishing they were in Wessex and Double Gloucester again, "with all their hearts;" to see them turning up their sleeves, and hammerings on the table for more grapes, and more rum, and to hear them shouting out, "It's my delight, on a shiny night," and "Don't rob a poor man of his beer," and discussing, with absurd eagerness, six-months-old English news—reforms long since become law, and treaties long since broken.

I have heard, indeed, that in the days of Mahmoud (the stern father of Abdul Medjid,

"the fainéant)," that despotic Turk who destroyed the Janissaries, and introduced European reforms into Turkey, these bibulous friends of mine had rather a risky and troublesome time of it, for they stood upon their dignity as Britons, got feverish British beer into their brave, wrong-headed brains, and were once or twice "pulled up" and nearly decapitated in a row for not salaaming, "and all that rubbish."

And, now, while I am in this tavern den, trying to eat some horseflesh stew, there stands before me a ragged Greek vagabond, crafty as Ulysses, voluble as the winged-worded Pericles, who, in hopes of a stray piastre, harangues me and the engineers on a certain English pasha to whom he was once right-hand man. His gestures alone would be eloquence, for he beats his chest, and rends his dirty merino waistcoat.

"He (English pasha) keep white horse, black horse, red horse, blue horse, every sort horse; and I drive him, whip him, saddle him, break him, 'cos he (English pasha) Sultan great friend—every day at palace. I too at palace. I eat lamb, pistachio-nut. I eat kibob (very nice kibob); I drink shirab and champagne wine. I wear scarlet jacket and fustanella—white fustanella—servant under me—horse under me—money—drink—all right—all good. All at once come wicked man to English sultan, whisper ear—say, 'Take care, Anastase bad man, rogue-man.' English sultan call me, tell me, flog me—drive out faithful Anastase—take away horses—every ting. Now, Anastase dirty man, poor man, thief man (laughs ironically), no raki, no kibob, no drink, no eat. Go 'bout ask good rich Englishman for little money. Thank, sir (smiles), drink health!"

I CHOSE next to wander by Bethlehem Hospital; partly because it lay on my road round to Westminster; partly because I had a night-fancy in my head which could be best pursued within sight of its walls and dome. And the fancy was this: Are not the sane and insane equal at night as the sane lie a dreaming? Are not all of us outside this hospital, who dream, more or less in the condition of those inside it, every night of our lives? Are we not nightly persuaded as they daily are, that we associate preposterously with kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and notabilities of all sorts? Do we not nightly jumble events and personages and times and places, as these do daily? Are we not sometimes troubled by our own sleeping inconsistencies, and do we not vexedly try to account for them or excuse them, just as these do sometimes in respect of their waking delusions? Said an afflicted man to me, when I was last in a hospital like this, "Sir I can frequently fly." I was half ashamed to reflect that so could I—by night. Said a woman to me on the same occasion, "Queen Victoria frequently comes to dine with me, and her majesty and I dine off peaches and macaroni in our night-gowns, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort does us the honor to make a third on horseback in a field-marshal's uniform." Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing royal parties I myself had given (at night), the unaccountable viands I had put on table, and my extraordinary manner of conducting myself on those distinguished occasions? I wonder that the great master who knew every thing, when he called sleep the death of each day's life, did not call dreams the insanity of each day's sanity.—*All the Year Round.*

"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."—The last edition of the *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), which Mr. Wylie does not seem to have consulted, at-

tributes this farce to Townley, with the following remarks:—

"This piece has been often ascribed to Mr. Garrick; but, as we now know, without foundation. Mr. Dibdin, who professes some particular knowledge as to this subject, says that Dr. Hoadly had a hand in it; and there were other persons who were in the secret, but who conceived the subject to be rather ticklish.

"We believe that we have now, however, duly assigned the authorship of this piece absolutely to Mr. Townley; of which fact the late Mr. Murphy became satisfied before his death, from the testimonials of James Townley, Esq., of Ramsgate and Doctors' Commons, the author's son; and it was Mr. M.'s intention to have corrected the fact, in a second edition of his *Life of Garrick*."

Possibly some of your correspondents may be able to afford information as to the nature of the testimony given by Mr. Townley, Jun., in support of his father's claim. W. H. HUSE.

—Notes and Queries.

THE FRUIT OF THE FORBIDDEN TREE POISONOUS.—Could any of your readers inform me as to the originator of this opinion? In a work, recently published, on Metaphysics (by the Rev. John H. Mac Mahon), the author, whose note (p. 2.) on the above point displays considerable research, tells us that he has been unable to discover the name of any particular theologian espousing it, though the opinion itself is mentioned by Josephus, Theophilus, and several of the Fathers, Eugubinus Steuchus, Le Clerc, and others. Even Ludovicus Vives—a man well versed in such questions—acknowledges his ignorance in this matter, as appears from a quotation, given in the note referred to, taken from his *Commentary on St. Augustine's De Civitate Dei*.—Notes and Queries. ALCIPHON.

PANAMA HATS.

BEHIND the principal chain of the Andes extends, on the banks of the Ucayale and the Marañon, an immense plain inclined to the east, traversed by mountain ranges, and which is called in Peru the Montana Real. Under a rainy sky, which is often disturbed by thunder-storms, the eternal verdure of the primordial forests charms the eye of the traveller, whilst the inundations, the marshes, the enormous serpents, the innumerable insects, arrest his hesitating march. This region, through which the communications are difficult, is called Lower Peru.

There grow in all the luxuriance of a limited vegetation the most beautiful and gigantic plants, the loveliest and most odorous flowers, the most useful shrubs, the herbs the richest, both as to production and value many of which are unknown in Europe, though eminently appreciated in the country itself. In Lower Peru grows the *bombonaxa*, or hat straw, resembling as to form a tuft of marsh reeds. The color is a delicate green. The hats called Panama hats, and made from the *bombonaxa*, have received the name they bear from having first been imported from Panama into the United States. In truth, however, the *bombonaxa* hats are exported from nearly the whole South American coast. Certain classes of Indians devote themselves exclusively to the making of these hats. The process is a very long one, and this is one reason why the price of these hats is so high. The minute, delicate labor is longer or shorter according to the quality; for whilst common articles demand scarcely more than two or three days, those of the best description require entire months of care and attention.

The plaiting of these hats occupies the whole of the Indian colony of Moyobamba, on the banks of the Amazon, to the north of Lower Peru. In this village men and women, children and old men, are equally busy. The inhabitants are all seen seated before their cottages plaiting hats and smoking cigarettes. The straw is plaited on a thick piece of wood, which the workman holds between his knees. The centre is begun first, and the work continued outward to the rim. The time the most favorable for this kind of work is the morning or rainy days, when the atmosphere is saturated with moisture. At noon, or when the weather is clear and dry, the straw is apt to break, and these breakings appear in the form of knots when the work is ended.

The leaves of the *bombonaxa*, to be fit to be used, are gathered before their complete development. They are steeped in hot water till they become white. When this operation is terminated, each plant is separately dried in a chamber where a high temperature is

kept up. The *bombonaxa* is then bleached for two or three days. The straw thus prepared is dispatched to all the places where the inhabitants occupy themselves with plaiting hats; and the Indians of Peru employ the straw not only for hats, but also in making those delicious little cigar cases, which are often sold for \$5 or \$10 each.

The Indians of Moyamba, evidently sprung from the Mongolian race, have large flat faces. Their eyes are placed obliquely, so that the grand angle descends towards the nose. The cheek bones are prominent; the brow is low and flattened; the hair is black, smooth, and glossy; their skin is of a brownish red color; their figure is tolerably good and regular. They live in groups and in little tribes, hidden in the virgin forests, or disseminated over the vast pampas of Lower Peru. It is to this race, which is in the highest degree indolent, lazy, and selfish, that the world owes the *bombonaxa* hats.

When an Indian has made a dozen or so of these hats, he sets out for the residence of a dealer in the article, and generally arrives in the evening. Nothing is more curious than to see the cunning Indian, his merchandise hid under the folds of his poncho, advancing toward the house of the supposed purchaser, waiting without stirring, and looking at the door in silence. When the dealer examines a hat which the Indian has shown him, the latter asks an enormous price, which is in general three times the value of the article; and when, after long discussion, he at last decides on concluding a bargain, one sees him examining with distrust the money which he has received, and rubbing it in order to try whether it is good. If the sellers of the hats are to the number of two or three, he who has concluded the bargain passes to the others the sum paid, in order that they also may see whether it is honest money. If the money pleases them the first man draws from his inexhaustible poncho a second, a third, a twentieth hat, as a conjuror draws every variety of article from a hat, and to each of the "Panamas" the same scene of distrust is renewed for the verifications of the money.

We can easily understand the slowness which results from this mode of sale. It is difficult to buy more than twenty hats a day, even in giving the best price. Thus, in order to collect two thousand hats representing a value of £1,000, a sojourn of three or four months in the country is required; and as transactions with savages such as those in Lower Peru are difficult, dealers are obliged to carry about with them both the money and the merchandise. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the trade in hats is one of the surest and most lucrative in the land.

Moyobamba exports every year ten or

eleven thousand hats. The province of Pannamy produces much more than Peru. It is supposed that not less than sixty or eighty thousand hats are annually exported from the province of Pannamy. If the average price of a hat is reckoned at two piastres, their exportation will represent a value of about £40,000. The greater part of the hats are exported from Lima, but of late years the exportation has likewise taken place by way of the Amazon.

Hitherto, the high price of the Panama hats has hindered their importation into Europe, but as the average price of a hat has fallen to about £1, they are now within the reach of nearly every one. The Panamas are distinguished from all other hats in being in a single piece, marvellously light, and of incomparable elasticity. They can be rolled and put in the pocket without any danger of being broken. In rainy weather they be-

come black, but they recover their natural color when steeped in soapy water.

What constitutes and maintains the reputation of the Panama hats is, that neither heat nor insects which devour every thing under the torrid sun of the equator, can effect the bombonaxa straw. In the long run, nothing but humidity can destroy them. They last eight times as long as a Leghorn hat. They are easily carried about. They can be folded and rolled by the dozen, like the commonest merchandise. In short, the trade in Panama hats is the very best in South America, and it would be easy to establish it in Algeria, in the West Indies, and in Guiana.

There has been an importation into France of Panama hats not more than two years. The importation into England has just begun; but it is sure greatly to extend.—*London Illustrated News*.

J. G. LOCKHART ON DR. MAGINN.

Walton-on-Thames, August, 1842.

HERE, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies
to win,

Had neither great Lord, nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin:

So, his portion soon spent, like the poor heir of
Lynn,

He turned author, ere yet there was beard on
his chin;

And whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would
spin;

Who received prose and rhyme with a promising
grin,

"Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to
your fin,"

But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches
were thin,

Else his acting, for certain, was equal to Quin.
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the
bin,

(All the same to the doctor from claret to gin),
Which led swiftly to gaol, with consumption
therein.

It was much, where the bones rattled loose in
the skin,

He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink, and the girls, I ne'er heard of a
sin,

Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Ma-
ginn.

WHEN a church clock strikes, on houseless
ears in the dead of the night, it may be at first
mistaken for company and hailed as such. But,
as the spreading circles of vibration, which you
may perceive at such a time with great clear-
ness, go opening out, forever and ever after-
wards widening perhaps (as the philosopher has
suggested) in eternal space, the mistake is rec-
tified and the sense of loneliness is profounder.
Once—it was after leaving the Abbey and turn-
ing my face north—I came to the great steps of
Saint Martin's church as the clock was striking
three. Suddenly, a thing that in a moment
more I should have trodden upon without see-
ing, rose up at my feet with a cry of loneliness
and houselessness, struck out of it by the bell,
the like of which I never heard. We then stood
face to face looking at one another, frightened
by one another. The creature was like a beetle-
browed, hair-lipped youth of twenty, and it had
a loose bundle of rags on, which it held together
with one of its hands. It shivered from head
to foot, and its teeth chattered, and as it stared
at me—persecutor, devil, ghost, whatever it
thought me—it made with its whining mouth as
if it were snapping at me, like a worried dog.
Intending to give this ugly object, money, I put
out my hand to stay it—for it recoiled as it
whined and snapped—and laid my hand upon
its shoulder. Instantly, it twisted out of its gar-
ment, like the young man in the New Testa-
ment, and left me standing alone with its rags
in my hand.—*All the Year Round*.

SHAKSPEARE'S WOMEN.

BEYOND me and above me, far away
 From colder poets lies a land Elysian—
 The haunted land where Shakspeare's ladies
 stray
 Through shadowy groves and golden glades
 of vision;
 And there I wander oft, as poets may,
 Cooling the fever of a hot ambition,
 'Mong ghostly shades of palaces divine,
 And pray at Shakspeare's soul as at a shrine?
 Fair are those ladies all, some pure as foam,
 And sadder some than earthly ladies are;
 From Juliet, calm and beautiful as home,
 Whose love was whiter than the morning star,
 To Egypt, when the rebel lord of Rome
 Loll'd at her knee and watched the world from
 far—
 Selling his manhood for a woman's kiss,
 But fretting in the heyday of his bliss.
 There Portia argues love against the Jew,
 With quips and quiddities of azure eyes;
 Fidele mourns for Posthumus untrue,
 And wanders homeless under angry skies;
 There white Ophelia moans her ditties new,
 Sad as the swan's weird music when it dies;
 There roaming hand in hand, as free as wind,
 Walk little Celia and tall Rosalind.
 And slender Julia walks in man's attire,
 Praising her own sweet face which Proteus
 wrongs;
 Miranda, isled from kisses, strikes the lyre
 Of her own wishes into fairy songs;
 And stainless Hero, flashing into fire,
 Chides with her death the lie her love pro-
 longs;
 With buxom Beatrice, whose heart denies
 The jest she still endorses with her eyes!
 Shipwrecked Marina wanders through the night,
 Blushing at sound, and trembling for the
 morn,
 And blue-eyed Constance rises up her height
 To fortify her hope with words of scorn;
 The lass of Florizel in tearful plight,
 Still seeks her hope in labyrinths forlorn;
 And high upon a pinnacle, I see
 Cordelia weeping at the wild king's knee!
 And in the darkest corner of the land
 Walks one with blacker brows and looks of
 pain,
 Heart-haunted by the shade of past command—
 The pale-faced queen, who sinned beside the
 Thane;
 And still she moans, and eyes a bloody hand
 That once was lily-white without a stain;
 Robbed of the strength which helped the Thane
 to climb,
 When growing with the grandeur of his crime.
 But in the centre of a little hall,
 Roofed by a patch of sky with stars and moon,
 Titania sighs a love-sick madrigal,
 Throned in the red heart of a rose of June;
 And round about, the fairies rise and fall
 Like daisies' shadows to an elfin tune;
 Behind them, plaining through a citron grove,
 Moves gentle Hermia, chasing hope and love.

I dream in this delicious land, where Song
 Epitomized all beauty and all love,
 Familiar as my mother's face, the throng
 Of ladies through its shady vistas move;
 Time listens to the sorrow they prolong,
 And Fancy weeps beside them, and above
 Broods Music, wearing on her golden wings
 The darkness of sublime imaginings.
 Oh, let me, dreaming on in this sweet place,
 Draw near to Shakspeare's soul with reverent
 eyes,
 Let me dream on, forgetting time and space,
 Pavilioned in a golden paradise,
 Where smiles are conjured on the stately face,
 And true-love kisses mix with tears and sighs;
 Where each immortal lady still prolongs
 The life our Shakspeare calendered in songs.
 And in the spirit's twilight, when I feel
 Hard-visaged Labor recommending leisure,
 Let me thus climb to fairy heights and steal
 Soft commune with the shapes all poets treas-
 ure;
 Wrapt up in luscious life from head to heel,
 Swimming from trance to trance of speechless
 pleasure,
 And now and then, not erring, dream of bliss
 Whose brimful soul runs over in a kiss!
 —All the Year Round.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

COME, sunny looks, that in my memory throng;
 Come! bring back some happy afternoon;
 Come! for your gentle presence is the song
 Without which nature hums a lonely tune.
 O light feet, tread the narrow path once more!
 Come to my cry, fair forms, and, resting near,
 On the dear rocks where you have sat before,
 A little while renew the golden year.
 Come to this spot, whence we so oft have viewed
 The gleam of waves, rock-broken, round the
 bay,
 Come once more, or wild grasses will intrude,
 And clasp their hands across the narrow way;
 Come, for the place is fair as land of dream,
 And through the rushes, winds hum mourn-
 fully,
 As if just moved in slumber, and the stream
 Still struggles through its cresses to the sea.
 'Tis vain to call; I once the strain have heard,
 That lacked no note to make the tune com-
 plete,
 Once, wakened by the touch of some kind word,
 I found a garden fair, with flowers sweet;
 There, plucking fruits from many a drooping
 bough,
 I stayed, untroubled by foreboding doubt;
 Once have I passed the golden year, and now
 I see it far back, like a star going out.
 The daisies of the golden year are dead,
 Its sunsets will not touch the west again,
 Its glories are removed, its blessings fled,
 And only fully known when sought in vain;
 The same sweet voices I shall never hear,
 For the fair forms that once my pathway
 crossed
 Are gone, with waters of the golden year
 That now are mingled in the sea and lost.
 —All the Year Round.